

Play in Provence



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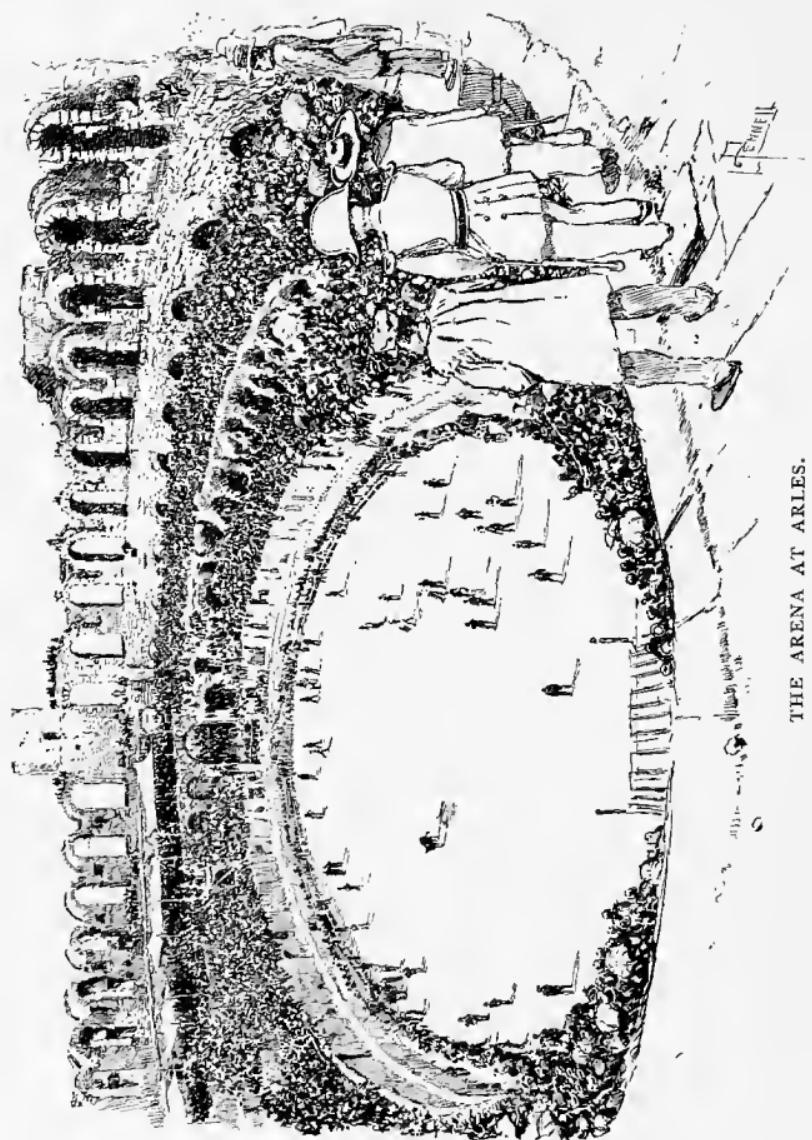
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Play in Provence:



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PLAY IN PROVENCE



THE ARENA AT ARLES.

PLAY IN PROVENCE

BEING A SERIES OF SKETCHES

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY

JOSEPH PENNELL
AND

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL



NEW YORK
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TO

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

WHO WAS THE FIRST TO TURN OUR ATTENTION, AS
WELL AS THAT OF ALL OTHER ENGLISH-SPEAKING
PEOPLE, TO THE COUNTRY OF MIRÈIO, WE OFFER OUR
IMPRESSIONS OF PROVENCE





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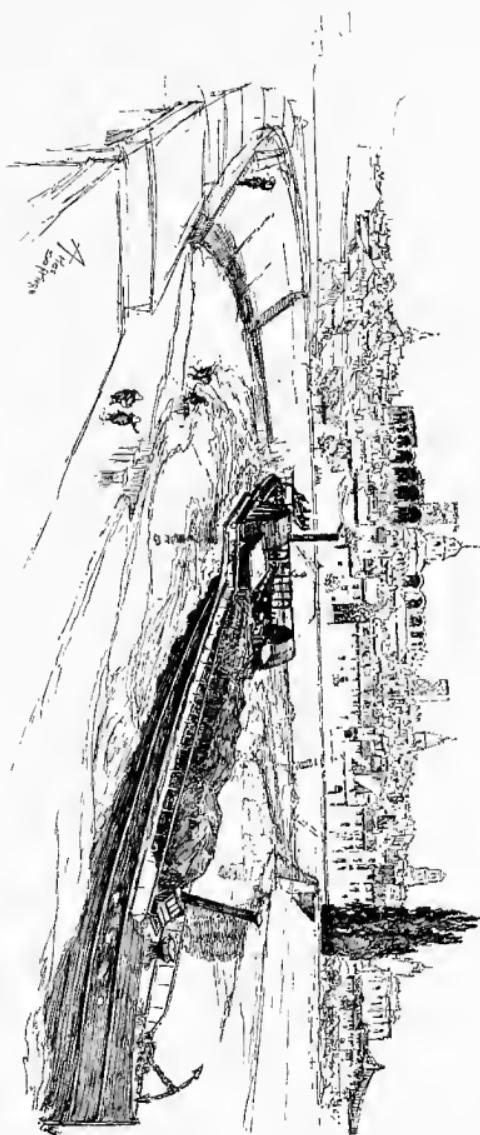
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ARLES, FROM THE RIVER.



INTRODUCTION

PLAY IN PROVENCE

I

Our Own Glad Kingdom of Provence.

WHEN I first read “Mirèio,” many years ago, in Miss Preston’s translation, I thought it but a midsummer day-dream of the Provençal poet. But when together we went to Provence, J—— and I, the life of its people seemed no less an idyl; and everywhere, in town and country, on hills of Baux or desolate Crau plain, as in the fair, large city of Arles,—*Arles le Blanc*,—we found Mistral’s poem.

From Arles to Vence,
From Vanensolo even to Marseilles,

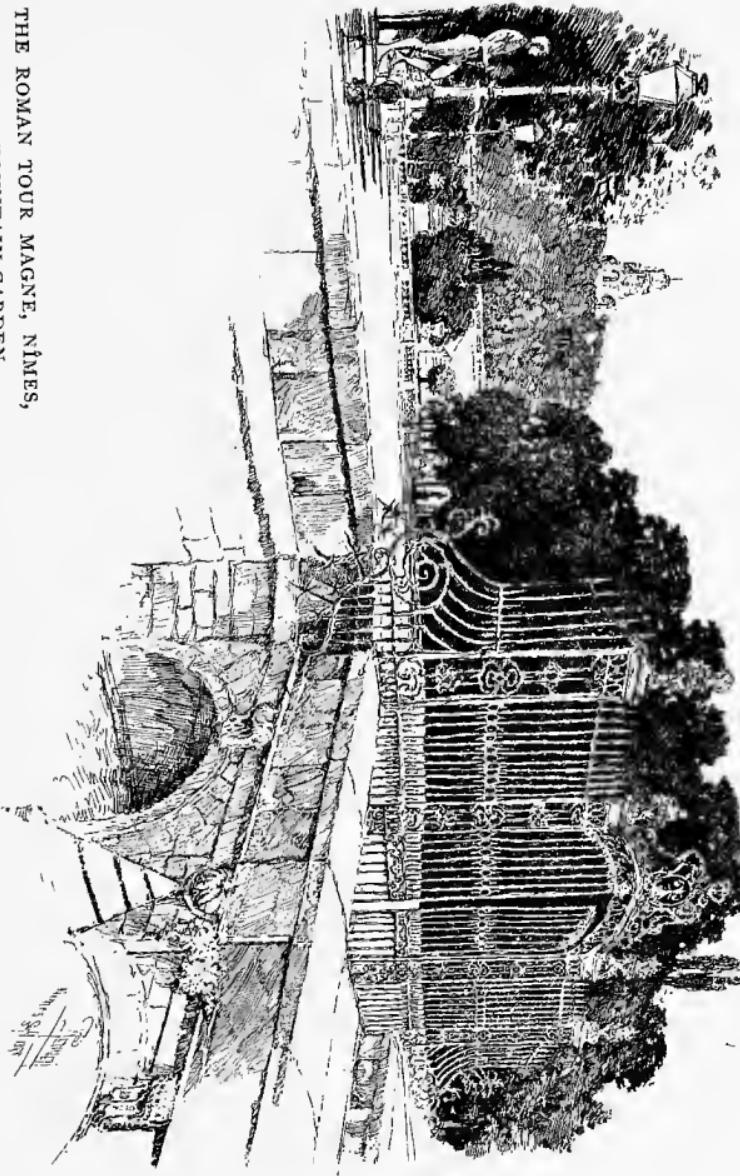
we were always in Mistral’s world.

We saw there much of earlier ages: “the antiquities,” as *Mirèio* called them when her shepherd-lover wooed her—as every Pro-

vençal speaks of them to-day—memories of the old Provence where temples and amphitheaters arose in strength and beauty while the greater part of Gaul was still barbaric; Avignon's papal palace, "knowing no rival," whither came *Nerto* to save the Pope from the heretic, herself from the devil, where all western Christianity was once at stake; Baux, and the "rock where lie its ancient ruins low," once sweet with viol and flute of troubadours, whose names in *Estérelle's* mouth were sweeter music to *Calendal*. But are not these too in Mistral?

In the Provençal to-day, in his play and work, the past still lives. He is Greek and Roman in his beauty and his joyousness. The ancient arena now is the background for the modern bull-fight, the medieval fortified church, the goal of the modern pilgrimage. It is for the tournament, born of the middle-age, that the wide lake divides the olive-gardens; for the Bacchanalia of the *ferrada* that the plain stretches a vast level to sea and sky; and not a narrow, awning-shaded street, not a blinding white road between sycamores but was designed for the long line of the *farandole*, that classic dance

THE ROMAN TOUR MAGNE, NÎMES,
FROM THE FOUNTAIN-GARDEN.



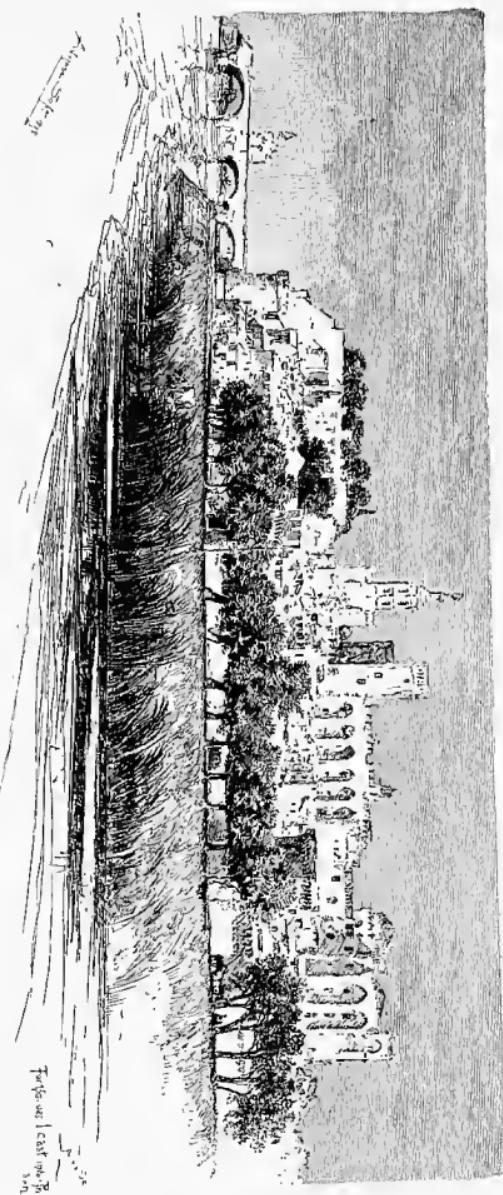
first led by Greeks about the altars of their gods, and then by Christians through Marseilles streets to the greater glory of Saint Lazarus. And because of the sports in the Roman arena, because of the orgy in the



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATER, ARLES.

Plains of Meyran, because of the tilting in the Étang de Berre, the past is more real, while the spell of the present grows stronger as we remember the Provence of King René

AVIGNON.



and the troubadours, the Provincia of Rome and her legions.

But in nothing so much as in their gaiety are the people true to Mistral, Mistral true to them. He could not, even when he sang the



AN AWNING-SHADED STREET.

tragic love of his Provençal maid, suppress the light laugh, which, *là-bas*, goes with every sentiment the most tender, the most passionate. The spirit of his country,—*âme de Pro-*



A PROVENÇAL ROAD.

vene,—which he invokes, is joyous and proud and gay, and is heard in the noise of the Rhône and its wild wind. Every Frenchman wants all the pleasure the world can give. But the Provençal takes it with that gladness he inherits from remote Greek ancestors whose beauty survives in the *Arlésienne* and the *Martigau*. He is gay as his sunshine.

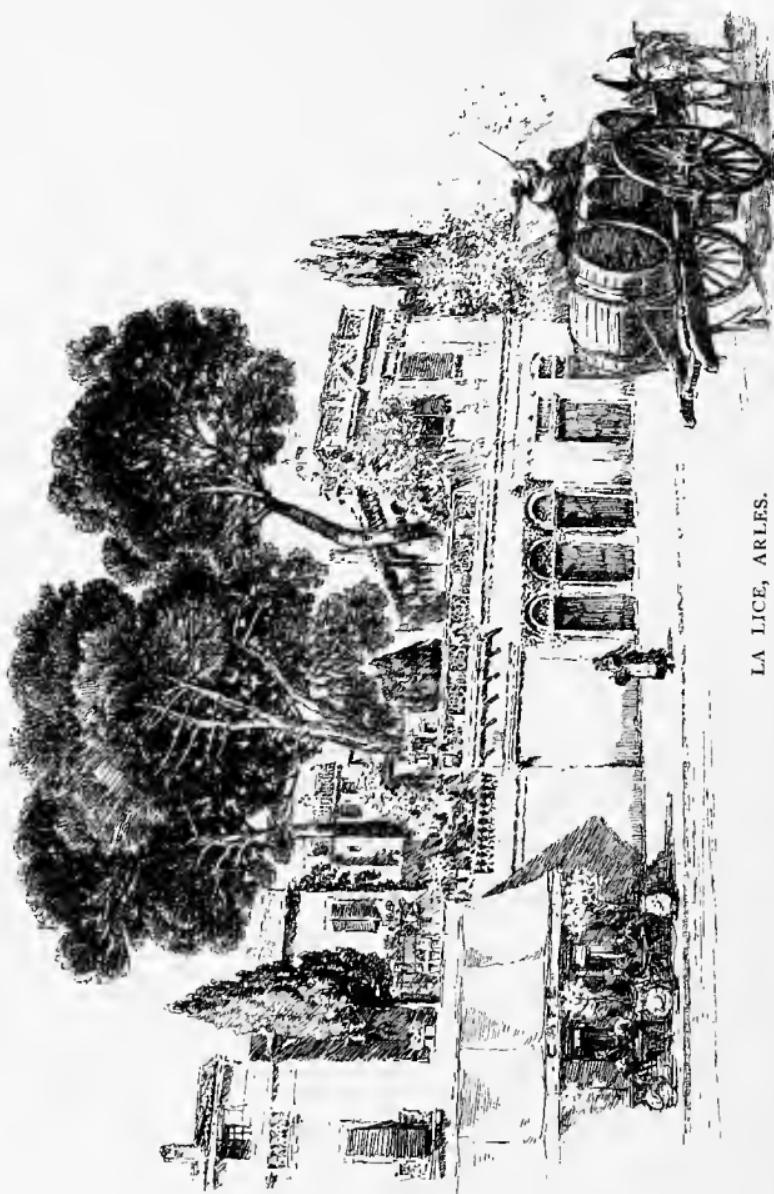
I do not mean that he is shiftless and lazy and irresponsibly happy, like the negro or the gipsy. He works hard. He has his bad seasons. Luck at times goes against him, and

he has seen days of distress and disaster. But in his toiling and in his poverty he laughs, as did the little *Fleurance* of the old Ballad in her joy. The vintager may be tired, but he comes home in the twilight dancing with vine-leaves on his brow; all night may the fisherman watch his nets, but in the morning, as he steers his boat into the harbor, he has a laugh for the women on shore. To the field with the laborers go the *tambourinaires* for the "pleasant reaping." And at Hallowmas, do not

. . . all the girls come flocking in from Baux
And, singing, heap with olives green and dun
The sheets and sacks, and call it only fun?

Theirs is the true philosophy of life, though they do not know they are philosophers. And if they are gay at all seasons, at holiday-time their gaiety — their pleasure for pleasure's sake — is without restraint. They enter into their amusements with a zest no other men can rival, and they are not ashamed to be seen enjoying themselves. All alike, young and old, rich and poor, join in the sport. I remember, the morning of the first day of the great *fête* at Arles, I sat for a minute on a

bench in the Lice by the side of an old Arlésienne, a Greek in the noble beauty of her face and figure, a Quakeress in the primness of her dress. She was a peasant from the near country, and she had an empty basket on her arm and others at her feet. I asked her if she would stay for the "Grand Arrival of the Bulls." She could scarce understand me, so little was her French; when she did she shook her head indignantly. "*Faut travailler!*" she said; "*faut travailler!*" But she was the one exception to the rule—the mummy at the feast. Age or marriage to the Provençal is no legitimate barrier to pleasure. I have looked on at dances of Roumanian peasants in which only the youths and maidens took part, since men and women but little older, as married people, had no right to play. In Provence I have seen a gray-haired grandmother lead the *farandole*. I know that the Italians love their Carnival, the English their Epsom and Henley picnics; but the fun becomes frenzy with the Italian, business with the English, where it continues graceful gaiety with the Provençal. The countryman of *Tartarin* can eat and drink with the bravest Englishman in the land, but



LA LICE, ARLES.

he never feasts with brutal seriousness. After his *coup de vin* he dances; what does the Englishman after his?

Life is a *galéjado*—a jest, a pleasantry—in Provence. The people there know that it is no small thing to enjoy the sun, to live light in the spring. This it is which makes them so different from all other men to-day; this it was which most delighted us, coming from a world where life is sad and serious.

No one can stay in Provence without feeling the gaiety that gives new beauty to the simple outdoor existence of a race at once vigorous and childlike, that breaks out spontaneously in modern Provençal literature. They tried to be very serious, those young men who banded themselves together under the standard of Roumanille and, one solemn day at Fontségugne, formed the *Félibrige*. The *Midi* was once more to go forth and conquer France; the simple speech of the shepherds and *gardiens* of lone La Crau was to become the language of the world; the French Academy would long be dead when Provençal poetry and prose, ever young, would remember it with pity. They were as certain of the importance of their calling

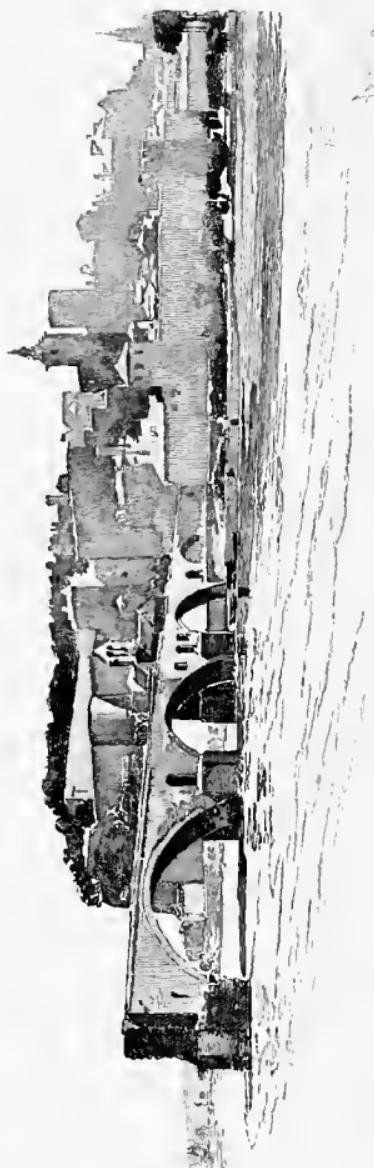
as the London Socialist or Ibsenite, though they possessed qualifications rarer in the self-appointed missionary—ability and good work. No novel with a purpose was ever more weighted than they thought their lightest poem or tale. In humor many may have been lacking. But for all that, the laugh rings through their work, for it was steeped in the colors of the human life they knew and loved. In Roumanille's sweet singing the sound of girlish laughter and the breath of spring mingled with tears. With eyes half sad, half smiling, Anselme looked upon the Provence he adored. Mistral's tragedy of "Vincen and Mirèio" and his tale of "Calendal" were excuses to unroll, as in a panorama, pictures of the summer feasts and merry tasks of his beloved land. And Daudet, was he not too a *Félibre* in his day? When they were most earnest, in the first years before schism or strife had disturbed the Church, they went gaily about their work. Daudet has told, once and for all, of the meetings in Maillane, Mistral's village; in the Aliscamps at Arles, where, to the chorus of crickets and the shrieking of engines, Aubanel read poem or drama; in Les Baux, through whose

strange broken streets they wandered singing their songs ; in Avignon, or in l'Ile de la Barthélasse, under the shadow of the papal palace. One feels as if one too had been in



THE ALISCAMPS, ARLES.

the rooms of Mathieu at Château-neuf-des-Papes for the chariot-race in July, drinking the famous golden wine of the Popes and listening to the verses of Mistral ; or at those *ferrades* where peasants applauded the work

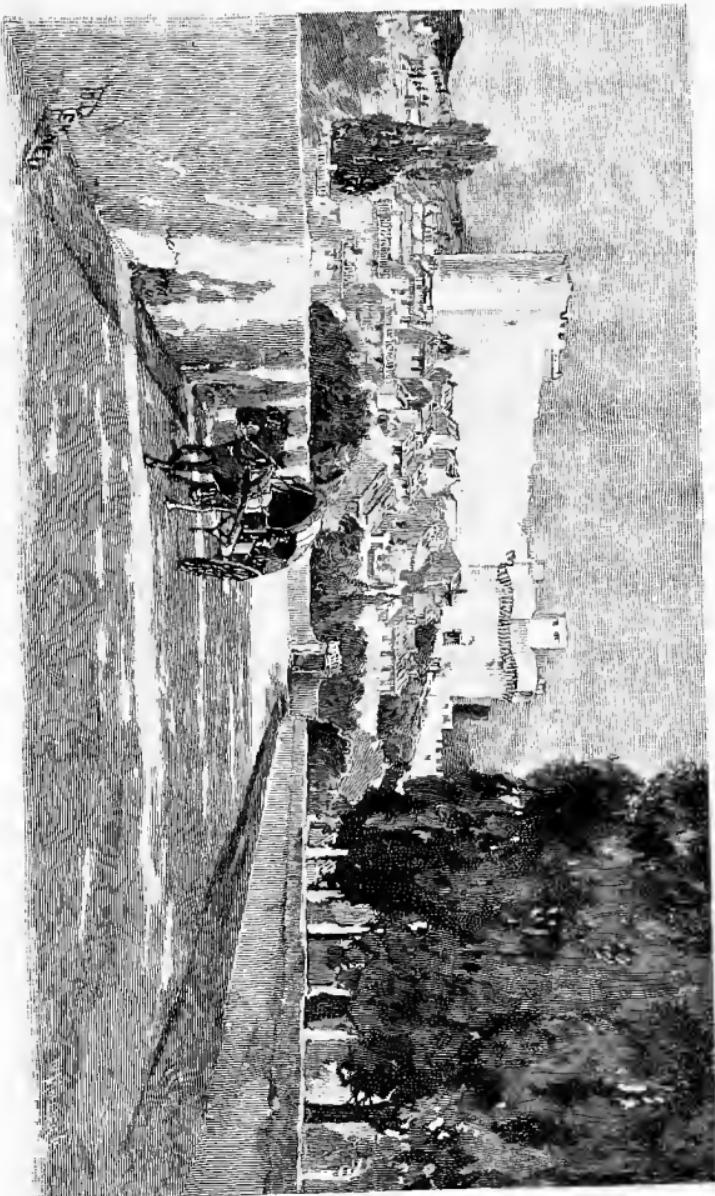


BRIDGE AT AVIGNON.

of Roumanille and Aubanel and joined in the hymns to the Sun,—*Grand Soleil de la Provence*,—and then, the *Félibres* leading, danced endless *farandoles*. Their gospel was preached to the sound of music and laughter; their religion was one of feasting, not fasting; their sermons smelled sweet of *ail* and wine.

This was why they made their converts when Saint-René Taillandier helped them to become the fashion in Paris. It was because in the verse and prose of the Provençal poets

there was something of the fragrance of the thyme-scented hills and olive-grown valleys



VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON.

of their country, something of the freshness of the harvest and the music of the vintage,

that it seemed like a whiff of pure air after the heavy-laden atmosphere breathed in the "Fleurs du Mal" of Baudelaire or the "Comédie Humaine" of Balzac.

ROMAN REMAINS AT SAINT-RÉMY.

Even men in lands of more sober creeds were quick to respond to their charm. Miss



ROMAN REMAINS AT SAINT-RÉMY.

Preston translated "Mirèio," and we, in our country where only now we begin to find time

for play, heard the voices of those who sing at work and who know that pleasure and beauty are life's best gifts. And next, Mr. Henry James made his happiest "Little Tour" through the *Midi*. And Mr. Bishop and Mr.



ROMAN GATEWAY AT ORANGE. (ON THE LYONS ROAD.)

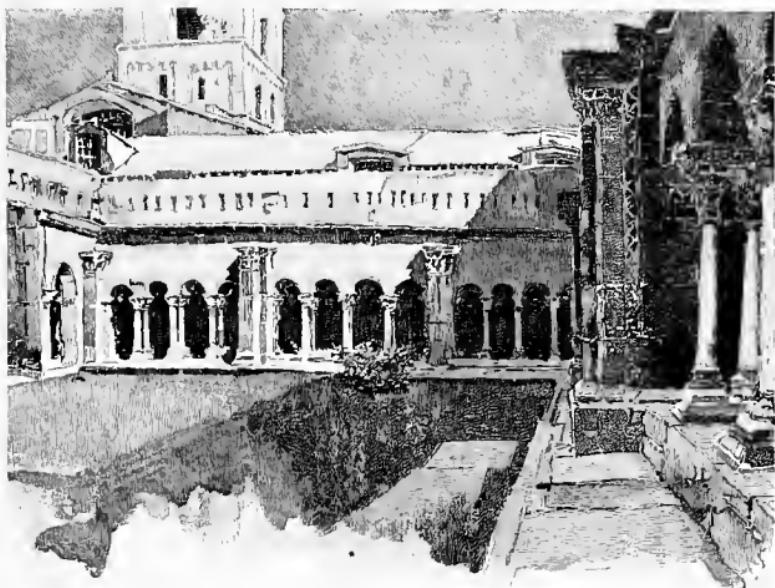
Janvier both followed as gleaners in the rich Provençal harvest. More and more feel the charm which, as Miss Preston says, is in Provence, for those who will seek it, in infinite measure. It is there for archæologist and architect in the Roman temples and tombs, the arenas and theaters that make Nîmes and Arles, Orange and Saint-Rémy, equal in interest and only second in importance to

Rome and Verona, to Ostia and Tivoli; in the Romanesque churches with their richly sculptured portals and sunlit cloisters that are the glory of Arles and Saint-Gilles. It is there for the student of medievalism in



ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

the palace of Avignon, the castles of Beaucaire and Tarascon, in the walls and towers of Aigues-Mortes and the fortified church of Saintes-Maries. It is there for the landscape painter in the beautiful gray country watered



CLOISTERS OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

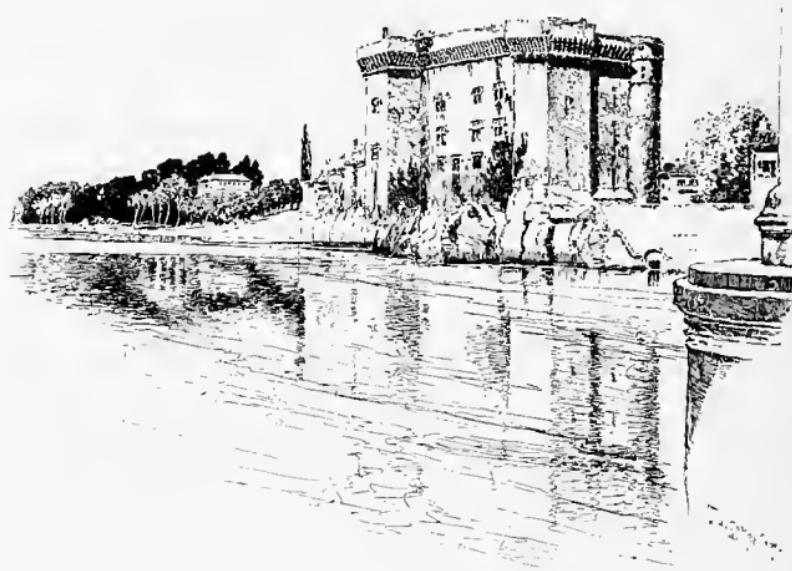
by the poplar-bordered Rhône and the wide salt-water lakes, where fishing-boats set sail at dawn and sunset, as in Venice. It is there for those who take pleasure in little towns, glaring and white in the hot sunshine of the south, in great prairies and briny pastures, where hundreds of milk-white steeds and furious black cattle run wild, in the lonely *mas*, or farm-house, with its cypress grove and

Olive orchards intermixt
With rows of vines and almond-trees betwixt.

But, above all, it is there in the people themselves — the stately women of Arles, the stal-

wart fishermen of Martigues—and in the life they live.

And yet the country is not tourist-ridden, perhaps never will be. Infinite in measure, its charm, again to quote Miss Preston, is subtle and fluctuating. Many will always see



THE CHÂTEAU, TARASCON.

desolation in its strange grayness, barbarism in its churches, discomfort in its friendly little inns, lack of art in its want of pictures as compared to Italy, childish folly in the gaiety of the people. There are others who, afraid of the southern sun and never having felt the

cool breath of the *mistral*, always go to Provence in the winter, though it is only in the long summer that the country can be seen as it really is—only after the first pale bloom of the almond has filled the people with hope of the spring, until the second tinkle of bells is heard in the land as, through dust-clouds, the flocks are driven homeward from their mountain pasture, until

The holly-berries have turned red,
And winter comes, and nights are long !

But if Provençal towns and waters, hills and vineyards, are

BEAUCAIRE.



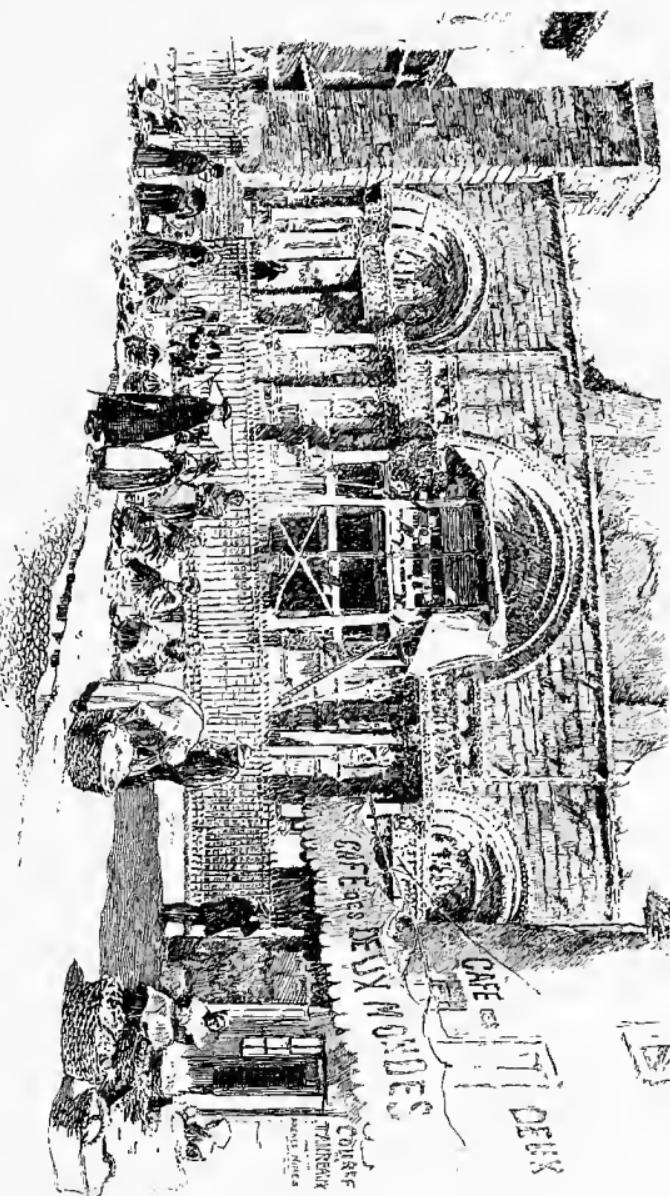


A FARM IN PROVENCE.

never exploited, we shall be the last to resent it. We can lay no claim to the discovery of their beauty; but now, we know them too well to want to see the whole land blighted by the invasion that so long has swept by it to the Riviera.

Provence has a history as picturesque as itself, but we studied it solely in Roumanille and Mistral and Daudet. It has a language too, but for that we depended on translations. Agricultural and industrial problems may

darken many a *mas*, many a vineyard and olive-garden, but never did we go out of our way to find them. We were quite con-



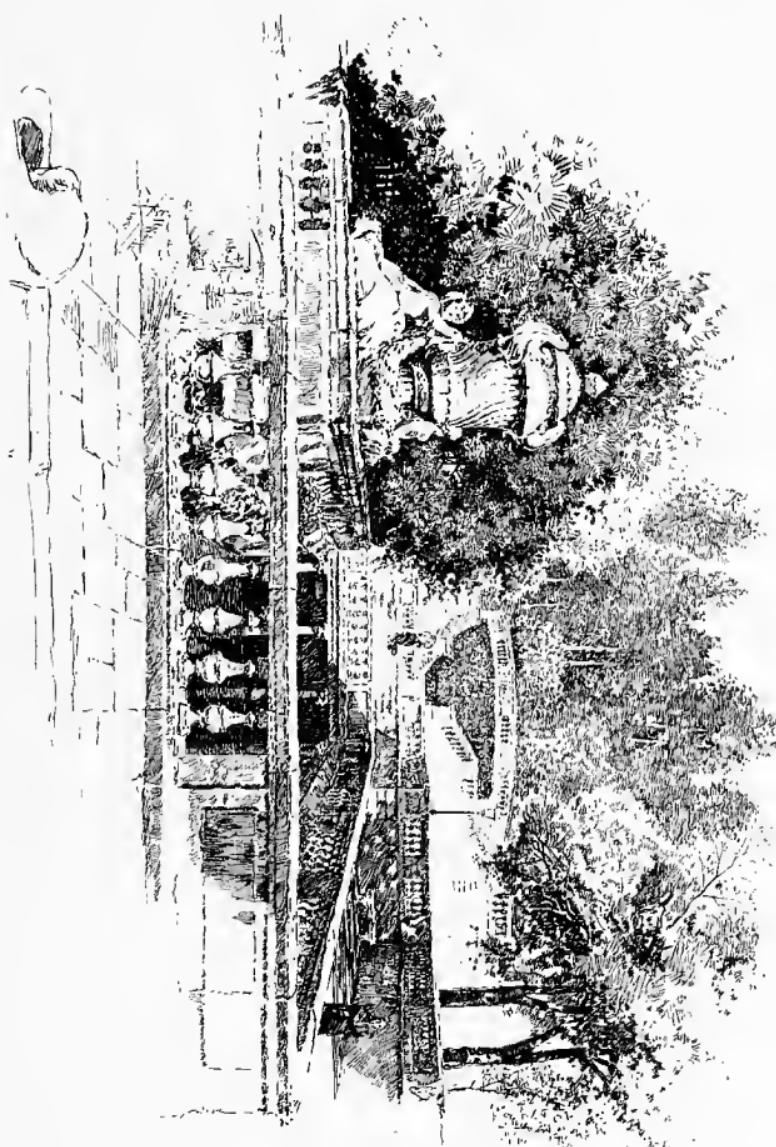
FAÇADE OF CHURCH, SAINT-GILES.

tent to amuse ourselves. We had no mission, no duty there. To collect facts would have been a task, to investigate anything a trouble. We went to Provence to play—*pour*



A SQUARE AT NÎMES.

nous rigoler. *Félibres* might squabble, but we remembered only that their books were delightful. Life was gay and beautiful in the sunshine; we never sought the shadows. One need not be forever earnest and solemn, forever on the scent of evil, forever rooting out



A FOUNTAIN AT NÎMES.

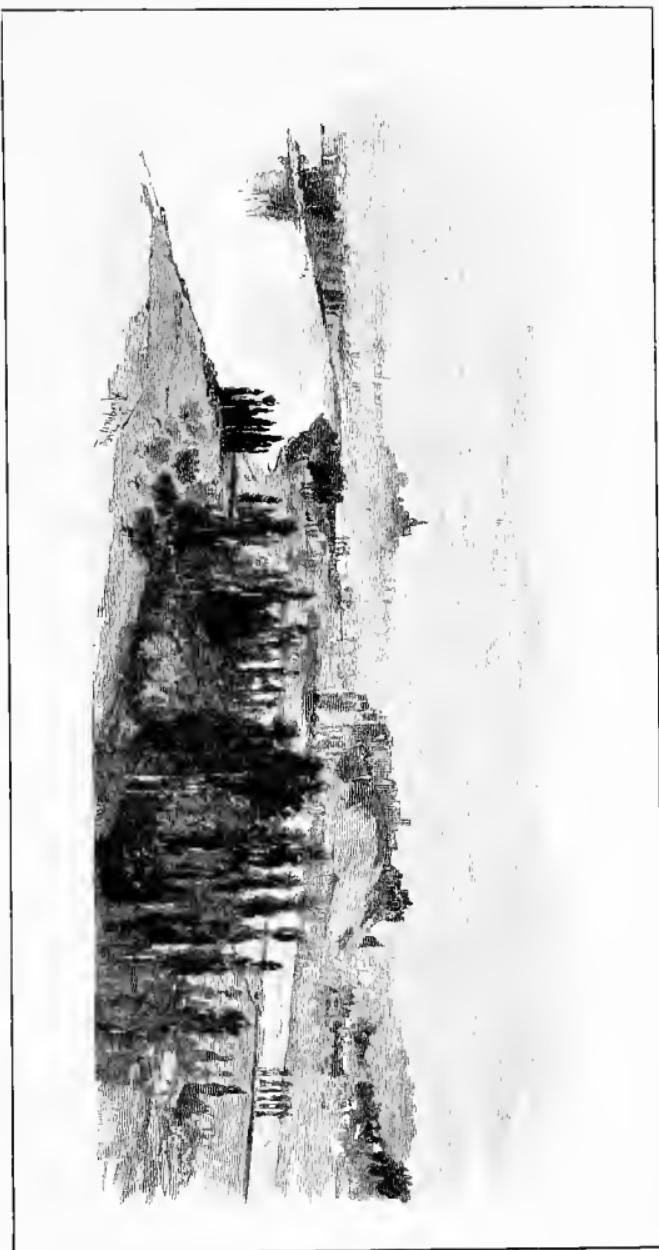
wrongs. We cared far more for what was frivolous and light in a land of gladness. That incomparable masterpiece, the Provençal poster, held us spellbound in the cool streets of Martigues and the sunny squares of Arles and Nîmes. I can honestly say that not once, when we could help it, did we miss a *Grande Fête* in town or village. For

Glad is Provence on a day like that,
'T is the time of jest and laughter,

with the music and the bulls and the procession and the *farandoles*. It was always "magnificent," as Mistral calls it.

Let not the critic say there are games and sports we did not see; this we know full well. Not always are they to be enjoyed for the mere asking. Three years we waited for the *ferrade*, and then was I not forced to let J—— go alone to the Plains of Meyran? It is not in every town, nor on every river or lake, that men meet for the tilting. But best of all the people love the *joute* and the cattle-branding, the bull-fight and the *farandole*; and these, either together or apart, we saw, and, in our turn, loved. And they are as joyous *la-bas* in prayer, so that at Saintes-

AVIGNON AND THE VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE.



Maries in the piety of the pilgrims we found pagan pleasure. After the priests came the bulls; after the miracles, the *courses*. And in Martigues it seemed as if the spirit of *Tartarin* had entered into the painters, though several came from Paris. They worked hard, the tricolorists. Did not one canvas painted on Martigau waters, of the Maries landing from their boat, a rosy flight of flamingos across the hot blue sky, receive high honors at the *Salon*? and though that may prove nothing, this picture was really good. But their work, as we watched it, was another *galéjado*, part of the play in Provence. Sometimes I think that the fierce *mistral* and the fiercer sunshine must go to the head, not only of the Provençal, but even of the stranger from the cold north, if he but stay long enough. Certainly, if he be wise, he will do as we did, and, when in Provence, play with the rest.

E. R. P.



GRAND ARRIVAL OF THE BULLS

II

*But, when the fête-days came, farewell the swath,
And welcome revels underneath the trees,
And orgies in the vaulted hostellries,
And bull-baitings and never-ending dances!*

SEVEN O'CLOCK:

SALVOS OF ARTILLERY

THIS was the first announcement on the program for the feast, industrial, commercial, and agricultural, at Arles, signed by *M. le Maire*, and printed on great posters that we had seen for the last few weeks on the walls, not only of that town, but of all Provence.

Now the morning of the feast had come. We awoke to the banging, we dressed to the

banging, we drank our coffee to the same music. In the South half the fun of the holiday is the noise made to celebrate it.

EIGHT O'CLOCK:

SERENADE OF THE TAMBOURINES

FROM a distance first, but drawing nearer and nearer, we heard the strangest music we had ever listened to. Shrill flute-like notes gave the tune, a dull drumming beat the accompaniment. It was not in the least like a fife-and-drum corps; it was not in the least like anything else. The musicians reached our hotel shortly after the hour. They were eight or ten in number. Each carried, suspended on his left arm, a long, antiquated-looking drum,—it was not really a tambourine at all,—and with the left hand he held to his mouth a little three-fingered flute, upon which he blew, while with the right he beat his drum. They were the most famous *tambourinaires* left in Provence: one was from Barbantane, another from Bolbonne, a third from Fontvieille—from Salon, from Maillane,

from all around Mistral's country they came. But, unlike Daudet's *Valmajour*, these men were gray-haired and bent with age. Not one could have been under sixty-five. A crowd marched at their heels. At the first sound of their music people rushed to their doors and waited. All the morning they kept up their concert. For, *pour battre un air—dit-on—ils demandent un sou; mais bien cinq pour se taire* (To play a tune, it is said, they ask a sou; but to leave off, five).



Wherever we walked we heard the old-fashioned airs shrilly piped. In the narrow streets small children joined hands and danced to the piping. In front of St. Trophime, and on the Lice, the wide, shady boulevard, market-women were driving hard, noisy bargains over their fruit, vegetables, and poultry, and traveling showmen had set up their gilded vans. But as the music



THE MARKET IN FRONT OF ST. TROPHIME.

passed, everybody stopped to look up and listen. You could see that the old men felt their importance and enjoyed their success; they held themselves proudly, despite their bent backs. And when there was a minute's interval, like a great singer with a cold, they made their excuses: "One does n't really know what the tambourines are on a damp morning like this"—for the sky was overcast. "If the sun were shining or the *mistral* blowing, then we could play! *Allez!*!"

NINE O'CLOCK:

GRAND REGATTA AND NAUTICAL GAMES

THE three races of the regatta were rowed on the fast-flowing Rhône. The racing-boats started from far up above Arles and came down with the tide; the river did the hardest part of the work, the steersmen almost all the rest. The nautical games were in a large basin of the canal. Men walked a pole over the water, climbed races up the masts of a big black boat, and swam matches with ducks, their prizes when caught. Even the dogs

joined in, and splashed and barked in hot pursuit. But the dogs of Arles always take part in the amusements of the people. I have seen them run in a cycle-race on the boulevards, and bait bulls in the old amphitheater



NAUTICAL GAMES.

with the bravest amateur in town. It was all great fun, but greater was still to follow.

At twelve o'clock we had breakfast, and for an hour or two afterward, coffee.

FOUR O'CLOCK:

GRAND ARRIVAL OF THE BULLS

THIS was the event of the day. Usually the bulls for the Sunday's bull-fight are brought into the town from the Camargue in a closed van, and scarcely any one knows when they arrive. But at rare intervals they are driven by their Camarguan keepers through the streets to the stables in the amphitheater. In most parts of the civilized world all precaution is taken to keep wild cattle out of the public thoroughfares; in Provence, to send them tearing through the towns is the treat of treats reserved for holidays. The route they were now to follow had been officially announced, with M. le maire's signature to the proclamation. The greater part of it, of course, lay along the boulevards. The whole place was barricaded to prevent their escape down any cross-street, and everywhere shutters were drawn in lower windows, and doors were closed, and shops were shut, in case they did, by chance, get loose. Business was suspended.

By three o'clock, the entire town of more than 20,000 people had turned out to meet

them. At the cafés on the Lice there was not a vacant table. Gay parties were at every window and in every pretty hanging-garden. The paths opposite were thronged, and the market was over. To greet the bulls the



THE FARANDOLE.

stately, handsome women of Arles had put on their finest costumes, their long gold watch-chains hanging over the Quaker-like shawls and soft fichus, the pretty Arlesian cross at their throat, a tiny square of rich old lace inclosed in the velvet ribbon of their head-dress. They walked arm-in-arm on the wide road, conscious that they were, as a sight, equal to any other part of the day's show.

Boys already were climbing into the trees, in a delicious tremor of fear and expectation.

And the *tambourinaires* were out again. They marched straight to the public gardens. They were playing the *farandole*.



And was it really because the clouds had now cleared away, and the sun was shining, or because they had just come from a good breakfast, and had had their *coup de vin*, that they played it with a fire and spirit we had not noticed in the morning? On the boulevards the women nodded their classic heads and swayed in time as they walked. In the garden, at one end, children went tripping over the grass. The gaiety spread; it was hard to stand still.

Presently a man, a young Arlésienne in blue, an old wrinkled woman, her head done up in a handkerchief, danced out hand-in-hand from the crowd and down the gravel walk.

“*La farandole! La farandole!*” the people shouted on every side.

The dancers had not taken many steps before a dozen men and women had joined them, and then as many more. In a long line, slowly at first, with arms swinging, they started off. As the last passed us our hands were caught, and we were dragged along. We did not know a step, but what matter? No one else seemed to, either. Swinging their arms, they all jumped in the air, sang,

and laughed, and, in the long line that kept getting longer, ran faster, and faster, and faster. But suddenly there was a cry of "*Té! les taureaux!*" and the dancers, hot and breathless, rushed to the garden railings. Out on the Lice people were fleeing in every direction, springing across the little ditch by the roadside, jumping up on the high marble benches.

At the far end of the boulevards rose a cloud of white dust. The next minute eight black bulls thundered past on a dead gallop, the foam streaming from their mouths, guarded on each side by men, each one of whom carried a long trident, and was mounted on a white horse of the Camargue. After them came at full tilt men and boys and even women. From the gardens the crowd turned and made a short cut for the amphitheater. From every street people were running toward it, laughing, shouting, pushing, panting. All Arles was racing for one more look at the bulls.

We reached the front of the main entrance just in time to see the black beasts galloping up a narrow street, one or two a little in advance, and the white horses, their riders sit-

ting firm in the saddle, the long tridents in their hands. They were at the top of the street. The only way now open for them led



RACING FOR ONE MORE LOOK AT THE BULLS.

into the stables. Suddenly the barrier fell. Eight bulls were at large in the streets of Arles.

Everybody left. I did not wait to see anything more. But when, once safe inside the amphitheater, I looked out again, the windows and balconies near were still crowded, and there were groups on many housetops; but no one was on the street.

Gradually the women came back to the

A NARROW STREET.



doors, lifting up the green curtains and peeping out, while they kept the children well behind them. Men walked boldly about. Then at last we started cautiously for the hotel. Wild rumors were abroad. "One bull has gone into the *Café du Forum*. He jumped through the glass of the front door. The waiters and the *patron* ran. He knocked down the tables; he went out through the back door." "Two are in the *Place de la République*. They have got into the *Hôtel de Ville*, and are mounting toward the man of bronze. The clerks have flown." "They are coming here now! *Les taureaux! les taureaux!*" Then followed precipitate flight.

But the bulls were seen no more that night. They had gone back to the Camargue. Eight others, fresh and fit for combat, were brought in the covered van to take their places.

Preposterous as it may seem to let bulls and a regiment of cowboys loose in a town like Arles,—a flourishing city long before the Christian era,—there was a barbaric picturesqueness about the Grand Arrival of the Bulls not to be found in the better-regulated spectacles of more serious people.



THE TAMBOURINAIRES IN THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

NINE O'CLOCK:

GRAND ILLUMINATION, TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

THERE were lanterns in the Place du Forum, in the Place de la République, and along the Lice. There were lanterns on long poles borne by men and boys marching with the *tambourinaires*, who still blew their little flutes and beat their long, light drums, as if they had not been blowing and beating and marching ever since early morning. In a blaze of light they passed through the dark streets into the brilliant boulevards. Great lamps flared in front of the tents and

showmen's booths, where loud steam-organs screeched, and pretty Arlésiennes bought tickets to see Venus, queen of love, the wild animals, the serpent-charmer, or any of the other wonders whose portraits, stuck up outside, had always their group of gaping admirers. There were crowds at the cafés, crowds walking on the wide road, crowds sitting on the chairs which industrious women in fichus and ribbons were busy hiring out.

TEN O'CLOCK:

THE PEOPLE'S BALL

THE ball-room was an inclosed space under the trees, with four gay arches of many-colored lamps and a loud brass-band. The pretty women in their pretty dress, and their less-attractive partners, danced far into the warm summer night, dancing not the *farandole*, but waltzes and quadrille-like figures.

And this is the way they keep a feast-day in Arles. In the land of "Provençal song and sunburnt mirth" they need no Walter Besant

to teach them how to enjoy themselves. Nor is there any use for philanthropic millionaires to provide a few easily spared francs. The city pays all.



THE PEOPLE'S BALL.

*Viva la joia !
Fidon la tristessa !*

they still sing, as in the days when Tristram Shandy danced it across the broad plain of Languedoc. E. R. P.

LES COURSES—THE FIGHT

III

Là étaient proposés des prix pour tous les jeux—qui tiennent gaie, alerte, et vigoureuse notre Provence.

“POOH!” said the Publisher, who had seen it; “it is nothing at all. They just turn the bull loose in the arena. Then they turn the populace loose. First the bull chases the populace, then the populace chases the bull. It’s nothing much. Nobody gets hurt.”

“Oh, eet vill be no grand t’ings; ze common people, ze paysuns, le—le—le—ze—ze—ze—ze people run after ze bull,” said the landlady’s daughter in the English as she spoke it.

Now when I hear that anything belongs only to the people, I know that it is always

worth looking up and nearly always worth seeing. The walls of Arles were placarded with great red posters proclaiming that never, never before had the historic walls of the arena seen such beautiful bulls; never, never had the fair Arlésiennes and the brave Arlésiens heard such horrid bellowings, grasped the unequal *cocarde*, or red rosette, struggled with the fierce beasts, and won the magnificent prize and the applause of the people.

Regard, noble Arlésiens! The five pure-blooded Spanish bulls and one cow! 500 francs of prizes of *cocardes* await you, and of the utmost honesty of the administration does not all the world know the renown? Descend then into the glorious arena stained with the blood of Christian martyrs, renowned through all the ages, and to-day the home of the *courses* of your beautiful Provence! Struggle with the fierce bull of Spain! Win the prize of 500 francs, the approbation of your fellow-citizens, and the smile of fair ladies!

(Signed) THE DIRECTION.

Wait for the small bills!

I could scarcely wait. I consulted Daudet, Miss Preston, "Les Courses aux Taureaux," Mistral, the daily papers, and at last I found a book, "Une Course," devoted to the subject.

What did they say?

Daudet? Nothing much, outside of "Numa Roumestan." Miss Preston? "There was a giddy little sham bull-fight going on in the *place*, but we did not stay to see it." "Les Courses aux Taureaux?" It was a bald description of a bull-fight, transported to Paris and held in the Hippodrome, eminently proper and therefore characterless. Mistral? For a wonder, he does not, so far as I know, describe it. It is true Mr. Henry James has done so, but I had not then seen his book. All facts are unreliable when you want information. "Une Course," of which I believe I was the first person to buy a copy, and hope I may be the last, was an account of a Spanish bull-fight and the three years it took a certain individual to see it, and all told in the most stupid manner.

But now came the small bills.

Descend, descend, brave Arlésiens! But parents must guard their infants; on no account must the little ones strive against the pure bloods of Spain. Nevertheless, the direction does not hold itself accountable for the accidents. And it is most expressively forbidden to insult the bulls, or to throw small sticks and stones at them. *Especially important:* it is absolutely forbidden to attack the bulls with the big pins. But, gentlemen, all this is free — a free fight in effect. But all the same, while re-

remembering the terrible horns, think of the value of the prize, unheard of until to-day, bestowed by a generous direction to excite your zeal and audacity. Come, then, ladies and gentlemen, after you have witnessed the grand procession through the streets of your beautiful city, remembering 500 francs in prizes.

Gentlemen, one franc; ladies, 50 centimes; soldiers and children, 30 centimes.

This was Friday night. Saturday noon, in the middle of this beautiful placard, appeared a small, white, and therefore official, bill.

Arrested. Owing to the fact that the direction is determined, contrary to the desires of the mayor, to introduce, for the benefit of the city, the pure bloods of Spain into Arles, therefore Mr. Jack — in — Office, the mayor, prohibits, and the fight is interdicted.

“Aha! they make the war among themselves,” said the people.

“Zey have me vell told zey refuse, I t’ink, to gif of ze place free to ze mayor, and he vill have to stop eet,” said the landlady’s daughter. “No, I do not t’ink eet vill go on.”

This was serious. To be in Provence and not to see a bull-fight! But the walls were still placarded with notices that in another week there would be one at Nîmes. At

Arles it did not come off, but the people were indifferent. They really did seem to think it no great thing.

The following Sunday I went over to Nîmes. Although it had been clear for more than a month, when I started it was dark and threatening. Passing through Beaucaire, I had a glimpse of a fight in progress, and I might have stopped and assisted opposite the town of *Tartarin*; but I wanted to see one in a real Roman amphitheater. By the time the train drew up at Nîmes it was pouring, and I went very sadly to the arena, only to find a notice that the fight had been postponed. Two Sundays gone, and the summer going!

Clear all the week, vintage in full swing, scenes like pictures all over the country, fights announced for Saint-Rémy, Aigues-Mortes, Tarascon, but nothing in the arena; Sunday, however, pouring rain, and useless to think of going anywhere.

On Monday, fights were announced for the following Sunday in Arles and Nîmes, and in all the country round; Sunday morning it was raining in torrents; Sunday noon, drizzling; Sunday afternoon there were gleams of sunshine, interspersed with showers. But four

weeks without a bull-fight—that was too much for both the people and the direction, and there was no sign of postponement. I went to a *café* opposite the arena at twelve. The gates were to open at one. At one it was still drizzling. At half-past it had stopped, and the direction looked out of its box-office. At a quarter of two it despatched a very brazen band in a covered wagon to parade the town. When, at half-past two,—the fight had been announced for three,—one gate opened, a small boy and I rushed to secure tickets, and we entered over the stones worn into grooves by Roman senators, American tourists, and Provençal lovers of bull-fights. When we emerged where Cæsar may have stood, and the arena yawned vacant before us, there was a momentary gleam of sunlight between two huge rain-clouds.

But the arena was not long vacant. An Englishman and his wife, whom I had seen at the hotels, entered and, looking down at a stage where there is a *café chantant* on the Sunday nights when there are no bull-fights, asked me what was going on. “A bull-fight! Ah! let’s go away before the horrid

thing commences. Do you know when it begins? Ah! ten minutes; we have ample time to see the arena. Come, George." And they skipped rapidly round the huge circle, clambering over the broken seats, and when the band entered they disappeared. It is like this that the average tourist sees the character of a country. And they were the only foreigners, save the Publisher, in Arles.

Though the sun did not come out, the rain held off, and the people, following the band, really began to crowd in. In ten or fifteen minutes the place was fairly filled. This arena was built to hold 26,000 people, so of course I do not mean that it was full. But two or three thousand are a big crowd to-day for a little town like Arles. The arena was gay with the uniforms of soldiers and the costumes of the Arlésiennes.

While the band has been playing, the arena has been filling with the brave amateurs. I am afraid, had Constantine been able to come down from his palace in a back alley, that he would have called the amateurs—who were now taking off their shoes and putting on slippers, coming out of their blouses and giving their hats to friends—the

ignobile vulgus. Although there were one or two very superior young men in *toreador* hats, bright red jackets, white trousers, and gorgeous Spanish leather slippers, which they were kicking off all the time, running about in their stocking-feet, the majority had no particular costume except that of the country. Despite the direction, one small boy did leap into the arena. He was pursued by the police force of Arles, caught in the center, and well spanked, amidst the applause of the audience.

The band stopped playing. A trumpeter advanced and blew a blast, and a mighty yell rose from the people. Instead of the shout which might have been expected, there came the howl: "*Té amateurs!* Aha! *Maria et Pierre là-bas!* Turn in the bull; go it, Arlésiens! *Hé! hé!* for the man in the white trousers! Hook it, gendarmes! *Zou!* it's only a lamb! *Hé! taureau!* *Allons, amateurs!*" A gate opened, and into the middle of the arena there almost flew a huge black bull. "My God! is n't he ugly! Does n't he look peart!" the audience shouted.

He saw the amateurs; they saw him; they really flew. If you want to see one hundred

men vault a six-foot fence at the same moment, go to Arles. Full tilt he circled round the whole arena, the brave amateurs tumbling back away from him as he passed, waving handkerchiefs at him; some, braver, sitting atop of the six-foot wooden fence which runs just inside the old Roman stone barrier, leaving a passage between. The bull stopped in the center of the arena, bellowing and snorting, kicking the sand about with his feet, and tossing his head. He was very mad, and apparently did not know what he was about. But he is now getting his head again. The braver amateurs cautiously crawl over the fence as far as possible from him, and as directly at his back as they can; but he keeps wheeling round and round. One gentleman with an umbrella comes in, but at a glance from the bull he drops his umbrella and falls headlong over the barrier. Two or three men, however, have climbed over from different corners, and the bull does not know which one to make for first. He tosses his head, shaking the little red rosette, fastened by wires between his horns, which is worth fifty francs to him who can pull it off. But it must be taken while the bull is running,

and not only is it securely fastened, but the bull has two enormous horns with which to defend it, and the men have not even big pins.

In a minute one of the light, active young fellows, who has kicked off his slippers, starts



CLEARING THE RING.

running toward the bull from behind. But the bull sees him before he has gone twenty yards, wheels around, and makes straight for him with his head down. At the same moment two or three other men run toward the bull from different directions, yelling with all their might, and again he pauses for a

moment, but then, almost immediately, goes directly for one in particular. The men all rush across in front of him like boys playing cross-tag; the man he is after swerves a little to one side, and, as the bull lowers his head to toss him,

stops dead, puts his hand rapidly down with a short backward movement, and snatches at the rosette, no bigger than a half-penny, while the bull, carried by his momentum, goes by him for a few yards. He turns at once, and, as the man has on a red jacket, makes straight for him. The man leaves for the nearest barrier, which is between five and six feet high, and over it with one hand he lightly vaults; and the bull, seeing that he cannot stop himself without breaking his horns against it, goes over it, too. This same afternoon I saw three bulls take the barrier like horses. The minute the bull lands in the passage, the amateurs take to the arena, leaving their hats, shoes,



A TRY FOR THE COCARDE.

coats, or any other loose possessions, and with these the bull amuses himself, scattering them among the audience, who yell with delight, while he tears madly round until he comes to a gate, which is opened for him, into the arena. At the same moment the amateurs all vault back into the passage. If the gate is not opened in time, the bull, as I saw him, jumps back again.

“Ils sont sauvages, ces choses-là,” says the Parisian.

“Vous avez raison, Mosseu,” replies the Provençal.

By this time the bull and the people have been chasing each other about for some fifteen minutes. No one is the worse for it, though all are a little tired. The bull does not try to jump any more. He has got his head, and he knows what he is about, and is too well trained to try to knock down a thick plank wall with his horns. Again the trumpet sounds. A great shout goes up from the whole amphitheater: “You could n’t get it! You could n’t get it! Bully for the bull!” A gate opens. A jingling cow-bell sounds, and a merry cow comes galloping in. The cow trots, in the graceful manner peculiar to that

beast, up to the bull. She lows at him. He bellows, and becomes gentle as a sucking dove. They calmly run round the ring, and then walk out side by side, while the people applaud. The first fight is over.

The bulls are all kept in the old wild-beast cages. Another has been decorated with the



"COME ON, TAUREAU."

cocarde, this time worth one hundred francs—no small prize to a soldier or a peasant. He has been led through a series of cages, one beyond the other, and each a little larger and a little wider than himself. On each side of these cages, which have no tops and are connected by sliding doors, sit two men armed with ten-foot tridents having very blunt prongs at the end. These, as they talk about what they ate for dinner last night, or the prospects of the vintage, or any of the other topics about which the French or the Italian peasant is forever babbling, they calmly drop into the bull's back. Although the prongs are blunt, and do not run into him or in any way injure him, they come down with sufficient force to make him savage, and he resents this treatment by jumping and kicking and bellowing. When he has been sufficiently maddened in the first box, the door is pulled aside, and he pushes forward just six feet. By the time the last door of the series of boxes is opened and he reaches the arena, although he is not hurt, he is perfectly furious. With a wild bellow, his head down, he blindly makes for the amateurs. They scatter, all but one poor man who, paralyzed with fear,

stands shaking alone in the middle of the arena. He trembles and seems ready to drop. A shriek rises from the people. The bull strikes him, tossing him into the air, and he descends a shower of old newspapers and brightly colored rags, while the stick which held the scarecrow together rattles against the bull's horns.

Mad? Don't mention it! He only gives up those rags when he sees two amateurs who have almost snatched his *cocarde*. They start to cross each other, there is a crash of colliding heads, and over they tumble in the dust. The bull, with a bellow of triumph, dances and comes down, digging his horns into the dirt, and just removing the greater part of one gentleman's breeches. The audience shout with glee and disappointment. The bull turns a somersault. The three squirm round on the ground together. The men get up, and the rate at which they leave the arena is remarkable. For the rest of the fifteen minutes the bull is literally monarch of all he surveys, and no one comes near him. Handkerchiefs, hats, and blouses are waved to him from over the barrier, but he takes no notice, and the people do not think it worth their while to encourage

him. They know that a bull that has been trained and kept in the best condition simply for goring people is not to be trifled with. When the trumpet again sounds, and the old cow again enters, the bull departs, almost bowing right and left, for he is conscious that he deserves the "*Bravo, taureau! Bravo, Rosau!*"—for he is known by his name—which comes to him from every side.

As another enters, the band and the audience are just in the middle of the chorus of the Boulanger March, and as the glory of the *brave Général* resounds and rolls round the arena, the bull, who is evidently of the same mind as Clémenceau, endeavors to get at that band, which is some twenty feet above his head, with two barriers between. A man all in white, except for a fisherman's red cap, comes dancing like a jumping-jack out into the middle of the arena. This is too much for any bull. The man leaves, but the bull is coming too fast for the man to vault the barrier, and he nimbly jumps up on the stage, five feet above the ground, which surrounds the boxes. On this stage stands the mayor of Arles talking to the direction. There are also the *sous-préfet*, much too superior to

talk to any one; the brigadier of gendarmes, in *chapeau* and epaulets and sword; a choice collection of the gentlemen of Arles; an American illustrator; and the two men with tridents. With one thrust the bull's head and horns go clear through the flimsy proscenium boards in front of the stage; with a bound he lands on top of it. But before he is fairly landed the stage is empty. The *sous-préfet* flies into the box from which the bull was liberated; the mayor, brigadier, and the direction disappear with little grace but much speed over the barrier at the back; the men with tridents drop them and make for the arena. I have not much idea how I got there, but I found myself at the other end of the amphitheater in time to see the bull demolishing two or three scenic towns. He looked around, saw a Roman triumphal arch, proved to his own satisfaction that it was made only of pasteboard, and then slowly and lumberingly jumped down in disgust, bellowed a few times, asking any one to come on who wished to, and, as no one answered the challenge, proceeded to make a light lunch off some hay which had fallen from somewhere. This he found so much more attractive than fighting

that he refused to do anything else, and had to be led away by his attendant cow.

In ordinary accounts of bull-fights you hear of the sickening sight of disemboweled horses,



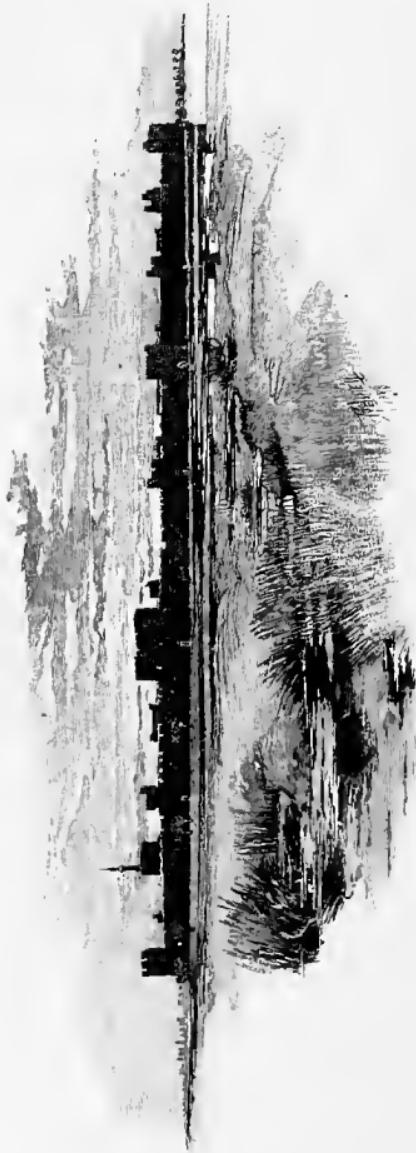
AFTER THE FIGHT.

and bleeding men, and butchered bulls. This went on with ever-changing fun, shouts, and laughter, but no one was either hurt or got the *cocardes*. Whoever thinks it is merely a joke to go down into one of these enormous arenas and snatch the tiny rosette from be-

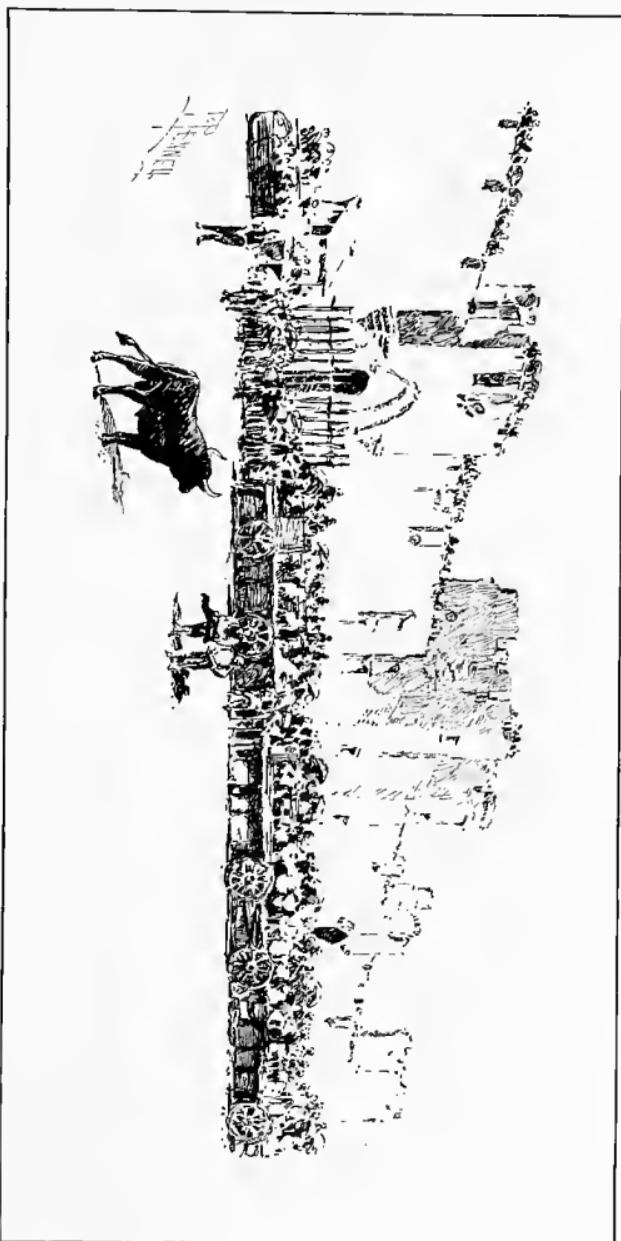
tween the horns of a beast who has been trained all his life to keep him from getting it, will find that he has a large piece of work cut out for him. For fun the Provençal bull-fight beats a pantomime. For danger and expertness it is far ahead of anything I ever saw. As it goes on every Sunday in the summer-time all over Provence, Frenchmen regard it as too common an affair to be worth description. Foreigners, never going there at the proper season,—the summer and autumn,—never, or scarcely ever, see it. And even down in La Camargue, on the banks of the Rhône, in little towns, all of which save Aigues-Mortes are unknown, the *courses*, like base-ball matches, are held every *fête*-day. They are the sport of the people, and have much more character in the small towns.

I went to several of these, and, though I know that foreigners have attended them, I never saw one present. The bulls come into the towns in a drove,—for they are perfectly quiet so long as they are kept together,—guarded by two or three of the fine herdsmen of La Camargue, wrapped in their large cloaks, and carrying tridents. The peasants who have come to the *fête* in their

enormous country carts form these into a ring, side by side, filling up the spaces between the wheels with hurdles, old planks, or anything that comes handy. They put two or three rows of chairs on top, and, behind these, with piles of wine-casks topped with chairs they make an amphitheater, which is soon crowded with people. Everything is perfectly free, and the authorities offer one or two hundred francs in prizes, which, however, I never saw any one take. The bulls are as fierce as those at Arles,



AIGUES-MORTES.



ARENA AT AIGUES-MORTES.

but the people are much more active than the Arlésiens, and the ring is much smaller. Instead of over a safety-barrier, the men have to jump into the carts, which have no sides and are almost breast-high; and a clean jump must be made, because a clumsy climb with the assistance of a pair of sharp horns would not be very pleasant.

The principal delight of the young peasants is to entice the bull in the direction of a party of pretty girls, and to spring among them, upsetting chairs, girls, and themselves in a laughing, rolling heap at the bottom of the cart, apparently to their own great delight, and certainly to that of all the rest of the ring. Peaches, grapes, and new wine circulate all round; I never knew any one to be hurt, and the whole place is filled with the smell of wine from the wine-presses with which the streets of all the villages are lined.

At the end of the *course* all the bulls are let loose; a curious fact about these beasts being that, while one bull by himself is a most savage animal, if two or three are put together they become as quiet as cows, and make a break for the open country, followed by the population of the village, shouting and

screaming. After them come their keepers loaded down with huge baskets of grapes and new figs that the people have given them.



A RUN FOR SHELTER.

In the evening the whole population adjourns to the *place*: the town band plays in the center; the heroes, over their sugar and water, discuss their own bravery; the harvest moon of Provence hangs high in the sky; the scent of new wine is over everything; the song of the mosquito grows louder and louder, and before this untiring foe the Provençal at last beats a retreat.

J. P.

THE FERRADE

IV

*On a great branding-day befell this thing :
To aid the mighty herd in mustering,
Li Santo, Aigo Morto, Albaron,
And Faraman a hundred horsemen strong
Had sent into the desert.*

“ **B**UT you must come back for the *ferrade*,” said the little Lieutenant of Zouaves as we bade him good-by one August day in Arles, where we had descended for a moment on our way to Martigues. “ Oh, you must see it, and *Madame* also. It will be splendid, magnificent, immense! Me? I have been here five years and have seen only one—there has been only one other in that time. You will go? Very good. You don’t know what a *ferrade* is? But, *mon cher*, it is the most beautiful thing of Provence. In the morning

they go to the Plains of Meyran. Then they chase the bull, and they brand him. One bull? *Mon Dieu*, no! Forty, or a hundred. Then all the world has a grand lunch. Then, after one has had one's drop of wine, all the world dances the *farandole*. Then one chases the bull some more, and then one reënters one's self. Oh, *qu'es béou!*"

Well, on the first of October we came back for it. We waited a week, and it rained, and then *Madame* had to go home. But finally, about two weeks later, one perfect Sunday morning, the lieutenant *in civil*, and the *sous-préfet* in a top hat, and I in no condition to be seen in such company, in a gorgeous turn-out, crossed Trincataio Bridge and made our way along the road that leads to Meyran. In front of us and behind us was a solid mass of "footers," country carts, diligences, wandering horse-cars, bicycles, omnibuses, and every conceivable sort of conveyance, all advancing, silhouetted in a glory of dust. The whole road seemed to be going with them. Far ahead, when the *mistral* blew the dust away, we could see flags waving over a grand stand, and as the people turned out of the highroad on to the plains they were divided right and

left by a squad of *gendarmes*, and sent down to join one or the other of two lengthening files of vehicles, which, as soon as the horses were taken out, were placed together, end to end, forming a complete barrier.

Of course swells like myself, the *sous-préfet*, and the officers of the garrison were



ARRIVING ON THE GROUND.

allowed to do very much as we wished, and we sat proudly in our carriage, quite conscious of our superiority and of the fact that we had paid fifty francs apiece for a day's spree.

After having paraded nearly all the way round the grounds, we drew up at the grand stand, from which the whole arrangement of the *ferrade* was plain. The inclosure formed by the carriages was a parallelogram, probably half a mile long by about three hundred yards wide. At both ends tall masts with

flags were stuck up some yards apart like a foot-ball goal. It was between these that the bulls were to be chased by the horsemen, overturned, and branded. Once a bull had passed the lower goal he could be run after by any one, but here the guardians would never follow. Behind one of the goals was a



COW-BOYS OF THE CAMARGUE.

big square pen, or corral (*toril* they call it), the top of which was decorated with a frieze of excited Provençaux, who were amusing themselves and the bulls by means of canes, goads, and tridents, and apparently with very good success, if one might judge from the crashes that came from inside.

Li Santo, Aigo Morto, Albaron,
And Faraman a hundred horsemen strong
Had sent;

and on their well-fed, beautiful, long-maned, long-tailed white horses they posed themselves, "on their long goads leaning," talking of I have not the faintest idea what, for I cannot, and I never knew a Frenchman out of Provence who could, make head or tail of Provençal. Or with tridents carried like lances they statuesquely rode about, "*des vrais Buffaler Beels*," as the *sous-préfet* put it.

I endeavored, to the best of my ability, to explain the difference between a cow-boy and the Hon. W. F. Cody, but I do not know whether I succeeded.

Although the whole Camargue is probably not so large as some of the great western ranches, the life on it and the herdsmen are just as picturesque, and more pictorial in a certain way. Like the Arlésiennes, they know their value in the landscape, and they are always posing. Their gray soft hats, black velvet coats and waistcoats are now taken off and tightly rolled up behind the saddle. For a *fête* like to-day's all wear boiled shirts and white linen or corduroy trousers, but around their waists, or rather from their armpits down to their hips, a red

or a blue sash is wound. Put a hundred men like this on white horses in a glittering plain and the effect is not bad. In fact, I doubt if the West could equal it. Their stirrups are steel-barred cages, their sad-



LETTING LOOSE THE BULL.

dles have a back to them, and their harness is all tied on; there is hardly a buckle about it. On both sides of the horse there hangs down a mass of ropes and strings, which give rather a disorderly effect.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

“Aha! they begin!” And the *sous-préfet*, and some more officers who had come up, carried me off with them to the tribune on the

grand stand. With the mayor in his sash, and the heads of the different administrative departments of Arles, we must have looked very imposing. At any rate, the people appreciated us, and applauded loudly, and we bowed condescendingly.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

The doors of the *toril* open. We see, for it is too far off to hear, a great excitement in the human frieze, and presently a young bull comes out. He starts on a run at once, passes between the goals, and, as he does so, the guardians, who have gone back and formed a line on each side of the pen, come after him, although he has gotten nearly a hundred yards' start. He tears away right down the center of the ground, followed by the whole troop. They gain rapidly. They lean over their horses' necks, their tridents at rest, and, just as one man is about to give him a push on the flank with his trident which will upset him, the bull swerves, the horseman, who has distanced the others, recovers



THE BULL DANCES THE FARANDOLE.

himself with difficulty, the bull darts between the two goals, and the crowd on foot rush after him; but the horsemen are not allowed to follow him farther, and they let him go. They walk slowly back to the starting-place, surrounded by their friends, the younger fellows here and there taking up behind them a pretty girl. By the time they have gotten back to the *toril* there is a wild commotion at the other end of the inclosure. A long line of men and boys is unwinding itself, and a *tambourinaire* is playing the *farandole*; they hold a rope which has been put around the bull's

neck, for they have thrown and branded him. Now he wears a wreath of grape-leaves, and a young fellow, also crowned with vine-leaves, sits

proudly astride him like a young Bacchus, while others keep the bull straight by means of his tail. It is thus that the first bull of the day is made to dance the *farandole*. The whole affair, save for the costumes, is classic; and about it, too, is much of the old Roman cruelty. The people plagued the bull unmercifully, and he would be savage enough were he not played out.

“Tell them to let him go,” said the *sous-préfet* to a *gendarme*, and they did at once.



THE CHASE OF THE BULL.



BETWEEN THE COURSES.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

Now the same race began again. A *gendarme* who had been telling some people to get off the ground had forgotten to get out of the way himself, and the moment the bull



THE CHASE OF THE GENDARME.

saw another big black object dancing around on the plain he made for it. The prevalent idea is that a bull's gallop is not very rapid; but even the little white horses could scarcely catch him when he was given a hundred yards' start. When the big black charger of the solitary *gendarme* woke up to the fact that the bull was almost upon him he lay back his ears and ran. There was no dodging with him, as there would have been with the little white horses. The bull overhauled him, stride upon stride. It was all over in a few seconds. There was a thud, a shriek from the people, the black horse turned a somersault, the *gendarme* flew as if he had been

shot ; then he was carried away, and the horse was dragged off the ground. It was exciting and realistic, but not pleasant. Only



THE FARANDOLE.

two or three incidents of this kind happened during the morning, but they were quite enough. One man was caught in the middle of the plain, and,

“Sham dead!” went up a cry of agony.

Another time, however,

. . . The beast his victim lifted high
On cruel horns and savage head inclined,
And flung him six and forty feet behind.

It was "Mirèio" realized.

One detail, perhaps, Mistral never saw. Not all the bulls went out at once between the goals and escaped, even though they were not overturned and branded; but they tore up and down the plain until they were upset. One, more clever than the rest, went between the wagon-wheels at the side; but finding three horses in his way, he lifted them out on his horns, and vanished into the Camargue.

But even Provençaux get hungry, and in October it is very hot at noon. Another bugle sounded, and the play stopped, and two or three hours were consumed in the serious business of dining. All had not quite finished their *coup de vin* when from in front of the grand stand the music was heard.

"*La farandole! La farandole!*"

Up from the tables they jumped at once, catching one another's hands as they rose. Little lines of men and women, boys and girls, danced out on the plain from the rows

of wagons, and longer ones from the pine-groves where they had been lunching. They came dancing and running toward one another. And then, with a change in the tune, a long line started straight across the plain, a line of probably two thousand, swells and peasants, officers and cow-boys, whole families; in fact, in ten minutes a third of the fifteen thousand people present must have joined it. The old *tambourinaires* played faster. The head of the line, now hundreds of yards long, had come back again. It wound in and out in circles. It went faster and faster. It swung round and round like a great "crack-the-whip." Then, with a wild scream from the flutes, a roll from the drums, and a great cheer, it stopped.

That is the way one "makes the feast" in Provence.

More *farandoles*, more bulls, more *farandoles*. Long twilight is coming on. The bulls, branded or not, are scattered all over the Camargue; the *tambourinaires* are exhausted. The people are as gay as ever. In a whirlwind of dust, with galloping horses, every one returns to Arles.

And yet this was not all. Every street in

the twilight was lined with Arlésiennes sitting in rows upon the sidewalk; and just as we came into the town a band of vintagers, garlanded and happy, each with vine-leaves on his brow and a few sous in his pocket, danced over Trincataio Bridge.

"Do they know they are so picturesque?" I asked the *sous-préfet*.

"Why do they wear their costume?" was his answer.

And as, white with dust, we passed St. Trophime, two red-booked pilgrims slowly uttered, "Now, ain't that handsome!"

You visit a country; you see it, or you don't.

J. P.



THE RETURN TO ARLES.



"IT IS AS GOOD AS VENICE."

A PAINTERS' PARADISE

V

*When Peace descends upon the troubled ocean,
And he his wrath forgets,
Flock from Martigues the boats with wing-like motion,
The fishes fill their nets.*

ONE burning hot day in August we left the limited express at Arles to take the slowest of slow trains. It carried us in a gentle, leisurely fashion across the wide plain of La Crau and between the dark cypress avenues which line the embankment, stopping every few minutes, at one station for half an hour for a cargo of grapes, at another for three-quarters to let a fast train pass.

But we did not mind. We had now fairly begun the voyage of discovery which we had been planning for a year or more. We were

on our way to discover the Étang de Berre and Martigues, the chief city on its banks, but one absolutely unknown to fame, apparently to the guide-book, and even to Mistral save as a peg on which to hang two beautiful lines. And as for the Étang de Berre, probably a thousand people go by it every day on the express between Marseilles and Lyons, but who ever looks at it, except, perhaps, to wonder vaguely what this great stretch of water is that follows the railroad almost from Marseilles well on to Arles? From our carriage window we watched its olive-clad shores and its beautiful islands; we saw the towns upon its banks, perched up, as in medieval pictures, on high hilltops, or nestling low down on the very water's edge. And at last we came to Pas de Lanciers, where we once more had to change cars.

Again we set out, at a still more leisurely pace, through endless olive orchards. We stopped oftener. The stations degenerated into mere sheds, and at each women took the mail, collected the tickets, smashed the trunks; was this, then, a land of women's rights? And all the time we were talking of the little, lovely town, like another Venice,

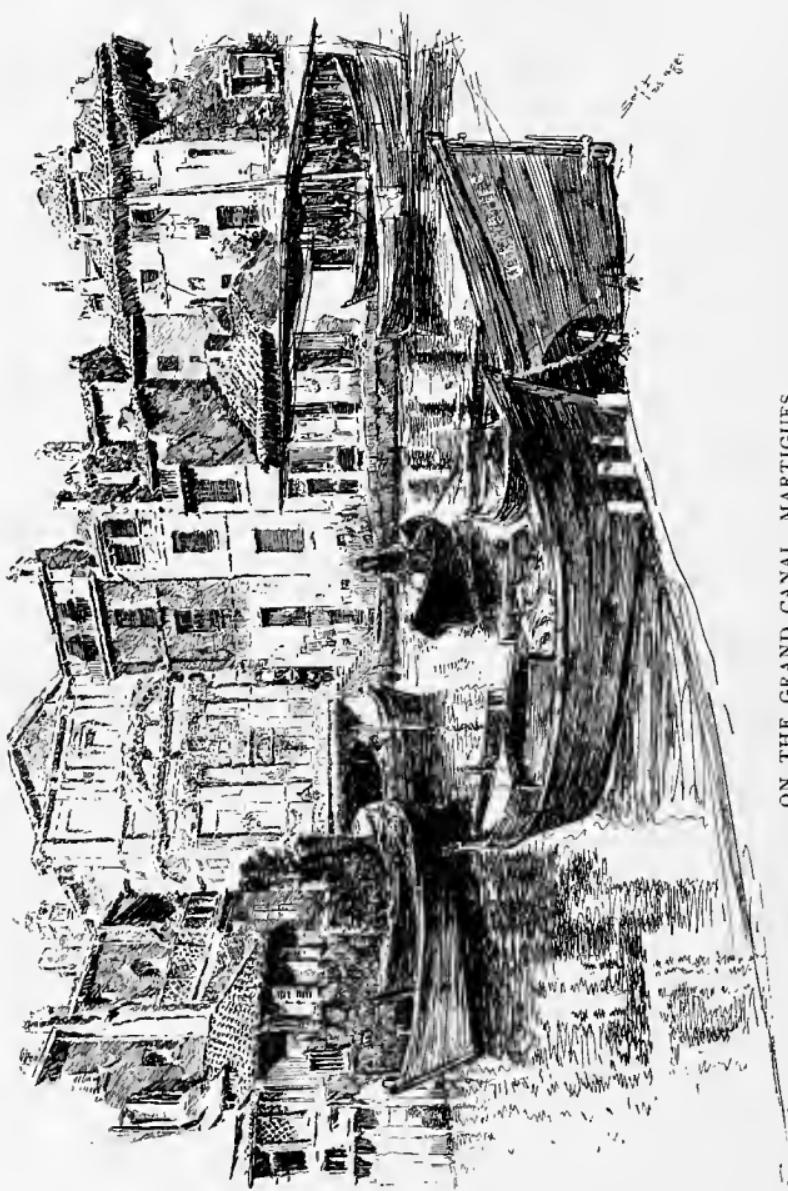
which we were about to claim as our discovery, for already, one summer, J—— had been there to spy it out and had seen its loveliness. Just before we started we had read in "The Century's" "Topics of the Time" that there was no place left in the world to be discov-



CHURCH AT MARTIGUES.

ered. But that was true geographically, not pictorially; Martigues might be found on the map, but not in paint or in print; and we were in high spirits at the prospect.

It was dusk when the train finally crawled into Martigues. We were worried about our baggage, uncertain whether, in so primitive a



ON THE GRAND CANAL, MARTIGUES.

place, any one could be found to carry our heavy trunk and traps from the station to the hotel. We tried to consult our one fellow-traveler, but he could speak only an unknown tongue, the Provençal, which some travelers have found phonetically intelligible, but of which we could hardly understand a word; and Martigues seemed more out of the world than ever. The train stopped; we got out, gave up our tickets, and passed through the station. At once three men wearing caps emblazoned with the names of hotels fell upon us, and each asked if we were not going to his house. Two stages and a couple of carriages were waiting in the little open square. No one to carry our trunk into the town, indeed!

In our surprise we stood there a minute undecided. But a brisk little man with short black beard hustled up and took J——'s big white umbrella and camp-stool out of his hands.

"You must come to my hotel," he said; "it is there that all the painters descend."

And he helped us into the stage, hunted up our trunk, lifted it to the driver's seat, got in after us, and before we realized what had hap-

pened we were being jolted over the cobbles of narrow, dimly lighted streets.

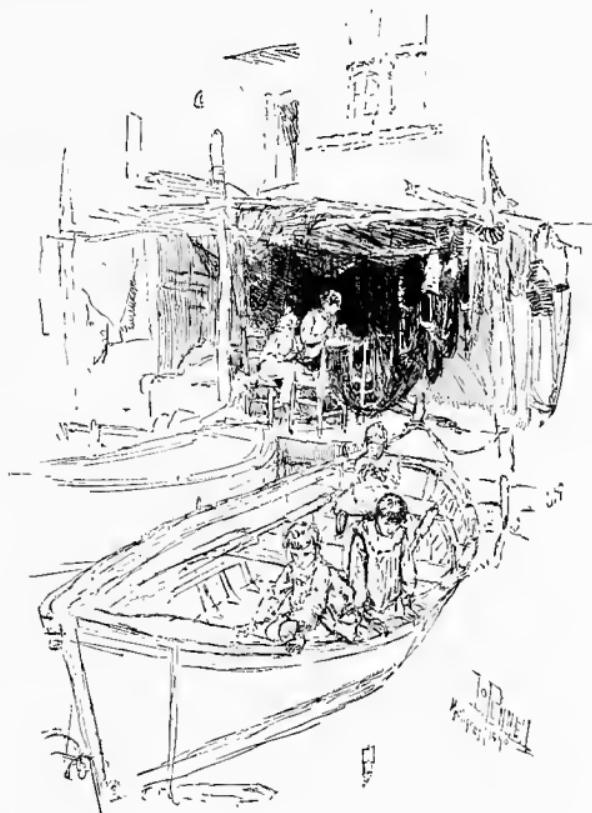
"I can give you a room," he said, as we were driving along. "I am the *patron* [the proprietor]. Only yesterday six painters left me. I can give you the room a *monsieur* from Marseilles and his wife had."

Six painters! We had planned a brilliant pictorial discovery; was it possible that we were to find instead merely another popular painters' settlement? The blow was crushing.

There was no doubt about it when we reached the hotel, for the hall into which we were ushered was strewn from end to end with easels, and canvases, and all the usual studio litter, leaving but small space for the black brass-bound boxes of the commercial traveler. *Madame*, who at once bade us welcome, told us our room was not quite ready, but we could make our toilet for dinner here in the corner. And as we washed our hands at the big brass fountain or sink that stands in the hall of every French commercial hotel, in came a man with pointed beard, soft felt hat on the back of his head, a white umbrella under one arm, a sketch-book sticking out of

his pocket. Six painters had gone, but how many were left in Martigues?

We found that out very quickly the next morning when, after our coffee, we started



YOUNG SAILORS.

to explore the town. In the walk of the 4th of September, in the long shady *Place* on which the hotel stands, the first person we

met was a tall, good-looking man, in striped red and black jersey and huge straw hat, walking with military step, and at his heels followed a small boy in one of the funny little aprons all French boys wear, almost bent double under a load of canvas and camp-stool. And when we wandered to the canals which, as at Venice, run through the town, and when we crossed the bridges, we saw at every turn an easel, and behind it a man in white Stanley cap or helmet painting the very houses and water and boats which we had come to discover. And after our midday breakfast, when we went to the *café* next door to the hotel, there at a table under the trees were half a dozen helmets and Stanley caps, and a huge pile of canvases and umbrellas, and outside, playing leap-frog with a crowd of other urchins in aprons, was the little boy whom we had met earlier struggling beneath his burden. The proprietor of the *café* was sitting with the helmets, but he joined us presently, and asked if we were painters too.

"We always have painters here," he said; "they come even in winter. There are so many *motifs* for them in Martigues. *Monsieur* has not begun to see it yet. You must

go this afternoon to the Bordigues, where every painter who comes to Martigues makes a picture, or else, perhaps, to the Gâcherel, where all these gentlemen," waving his hand to the helmets under the trees, "are at work in the afternoon. Yes; the *motifs* are many."

As we walked from the café down toward the water, J—— with a sketch-block under his arm, a little toddling child who could scarcely talk lisped "*pinter*" as he passed, as though, instead of being unknown in Martigues, the painter was one of the first objects to its children, his name the first on their lips. Before we had gone very far along the shore of the great lake that stretches between Martigues and the Mediterranean (the Étang de Caronte it is called on the map), we came to a little building with huge window opening upon the dusty road and facing northward; and in the garden beyond was something white and shining. A man was superintending some work close by, and we asked him whose house this was, for the window looked mightily like a studio.

"Don't you know?" he said in amazement. "It is there M. Ziem lives."

We had thought M. Ziem dead for years,



ÉTANG DE CARONTE.

and here he was alive in Martigues, which he had discovered before we were born.

“Here,” the man went on, “he has painted all of his Venices, and Constantinoples, and Cairos. Here is the Nile, or the Adriatic, or the Bosphorus, as he may wish, flowing past his very door. There on the near hillsides are the stone-pines and cypresses of the south and east; on the water beyond lies Venice; and here in his garden are the mosques of Constantinople. *Allez!*”

We went and looked closer then, and we saw that the little white shining thing was a toy mosque with dome and minarets, that oriental pots and jars were scattered about in the garden, and that two or three men were



ZIEM'S STUDIO.

putting up another and larger mosque, the framework of its dome and minarets lying with the stones and mortar below its unfinished walls.

Still farther down the road a man breaking stones by the wayside stopped to point out the Gâcherel, the great farm upon the lake-side, with beautiful cypress grove and sunlit garden, where the vines overshadowed an old stone well, and there, under the cypresses, were the easels and helmets in a row.

There were painters wherever we went; painters walking slowly down the blindingly white road under white umbrellas; painters

staring at the sunset from the lower hill-tops; painters under the olives; painters in the hotel dining-room. It was a town of painters. Where was our discovery? Was this the little city lying forgotten and un-



FISHING FROM BOATS.

sought in a watery wilderness that we were to be the first to make known for the pleasure of all the world and our own great glory—this southern seacoast Barbizon?

Of course it was a disappointment. Fancy if in the heart of the African forest Stanley had met, not pygmies, but another Emin Relief Expedition. But now that we were there we might as well make the best of it. Though the explorer had been in Martigues before us, there was no reason why we should not enjoy

the artist's life led in this remote painters' paradise—this paradise without drains or sewers, but a paradise for all that. On the surface there was an Arcadian simplicity in the painter's daily existence that was very charming. We began to talk about Mürger's Bohemia, and Barbizon in the days before it had been exploited, and by our second morning we were really glad that, instead of making a pictorial discovery, we had found a well-established artist colony. We were quite ready to be friendly.

At first we thought the artists were too. After our second breakfast M. Bernard, our landlord, stopped us in the hall.

"These gentlemen, the painters," he said to J—, "are eager to do all they can for a colleague. There is one who offers you his boat; it is at your entire disposition. Among brother artists it is always so; take it when and where you want. There is another who wishes to fraternize with you; he will show you about Martigues; he knows it well, and *Monsieur* is still a stranger."

What could have been kinder?

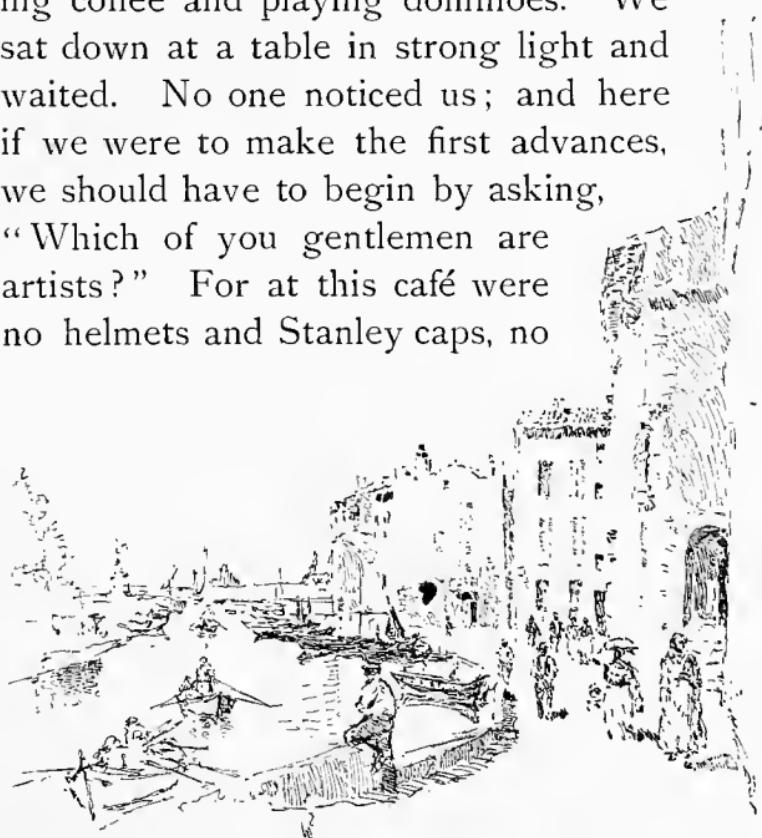
"Where can I see these gentlemen to thank them?" asked J—.

"Oh," said M. Bernard, "be sure they will give you the chance at once. One *Monsieur* goes to the Café du Commerce, the other to the Cascade. You will always find them there. And there are many painters still in my hotel. They, too, will wish to know and to talk with *Monsieur*."

We were on our way to the Cascade when he stopped us, and now we hurried there the faster, gay and smiling, prepared to meet the gentlemen, the painters, half-way. The helmets and Stanley caps were under the same tree, but they stared vacantly over our heads as if they did not see us. It was not easy to go up and ask, "which of you gentlemen is the one who would fraternize with me?" But we sat at a near table to give him every chance, and when the dog of one of the party ran up we patted it and fed it with sugar, though only the minute before we had seen it snapping at the tail of the pet goose of the café and at the legs of small boys in the street, and should have preferred keeping it at a respectful distance. But no fraternal greeting had passed between us when the gentlemen, the painters, buckling on their knapsacks, and with wild, loud cries of

“Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!” for the dog and the little black-aproned boy, started in the hot sunshine for the Gâcherel.

In the evening, after dinner, we went to the Commerce. We wanted to thank the friendly artist who had offered us his boat. The café was crowded; men in fishermen's jerseys, men in velveteens, men in alpaca coats, were drinking coffee and playing dominoes. We sat down at a table in strong light and waited. No one noticed us; and here if we were to make the first advances, we should have to begin by asking, “Which of you gentlemen are artists?” For at this café were no helmets and Stanley caps, no

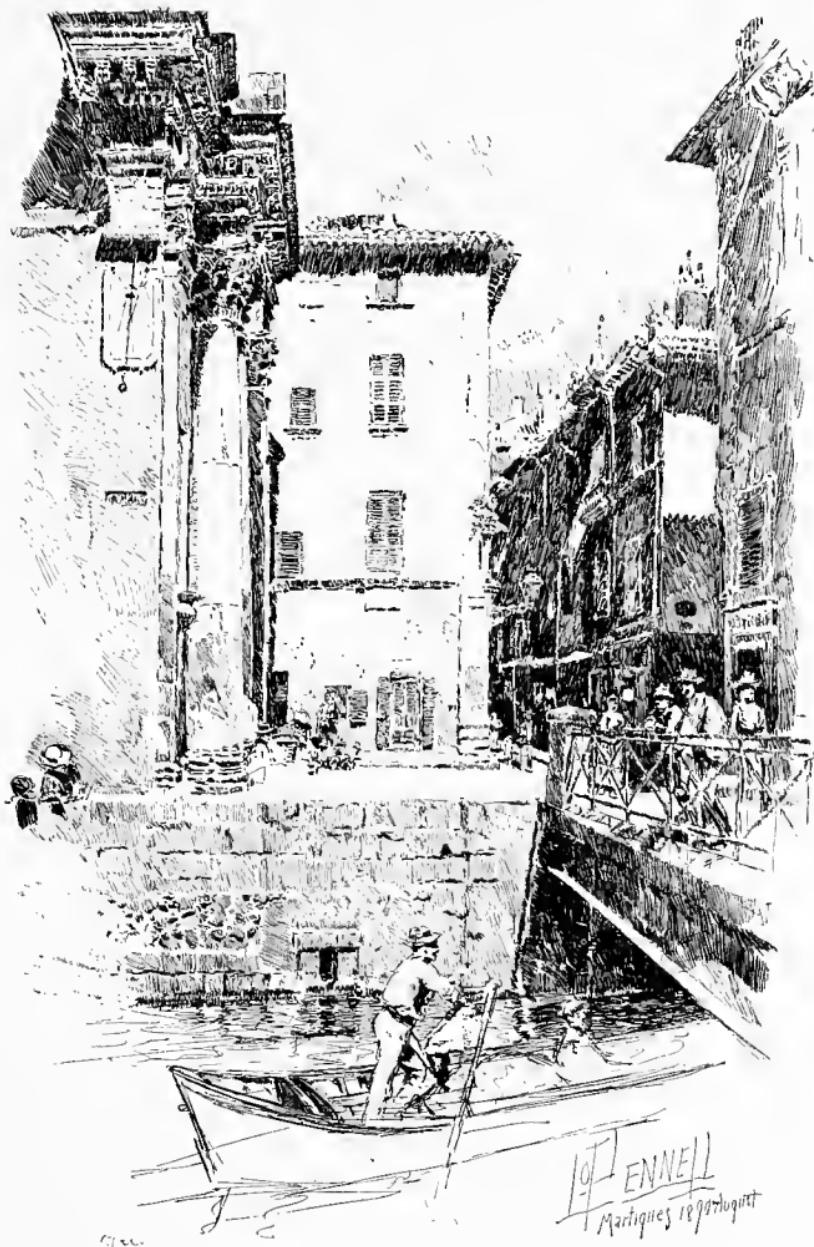


A FAVORITE MOTIVE.

canvases and campstools, not so much as a piece of paper or a lead-pencil.

We waited quietly all the evening, but no fraternal sign was given. We waited the next day, and the next, and the day after that. We waited a week, two weeks. At the hotel the man in the big hat occasionally wished us a cold and non-committal "*Bon jour*" or "*Bon soir*"; the others never paid the least attention to us. On the streets and in the café the Stanley caps and helmets persistently stared over our heads. The owner of the boat modestly refused us the chance to thank him. We were left severely to ourselves. What would Mürger have said to the good fellowship of this modern Bohemia?

However, though we were cast upon our own resources, there was much that was pleasant to see and to be done. Martigues, though it had not waited for us to discover it, was as picturesque as if none but its native fishermen had stepped upon its sea-washed shores. It was really the Provençal Venice, which we had not the satisfaction of being the first to call it. For scarcely had that too aggressively appropriate name occurred to us than we saw it in big letters on an old stage, and next on

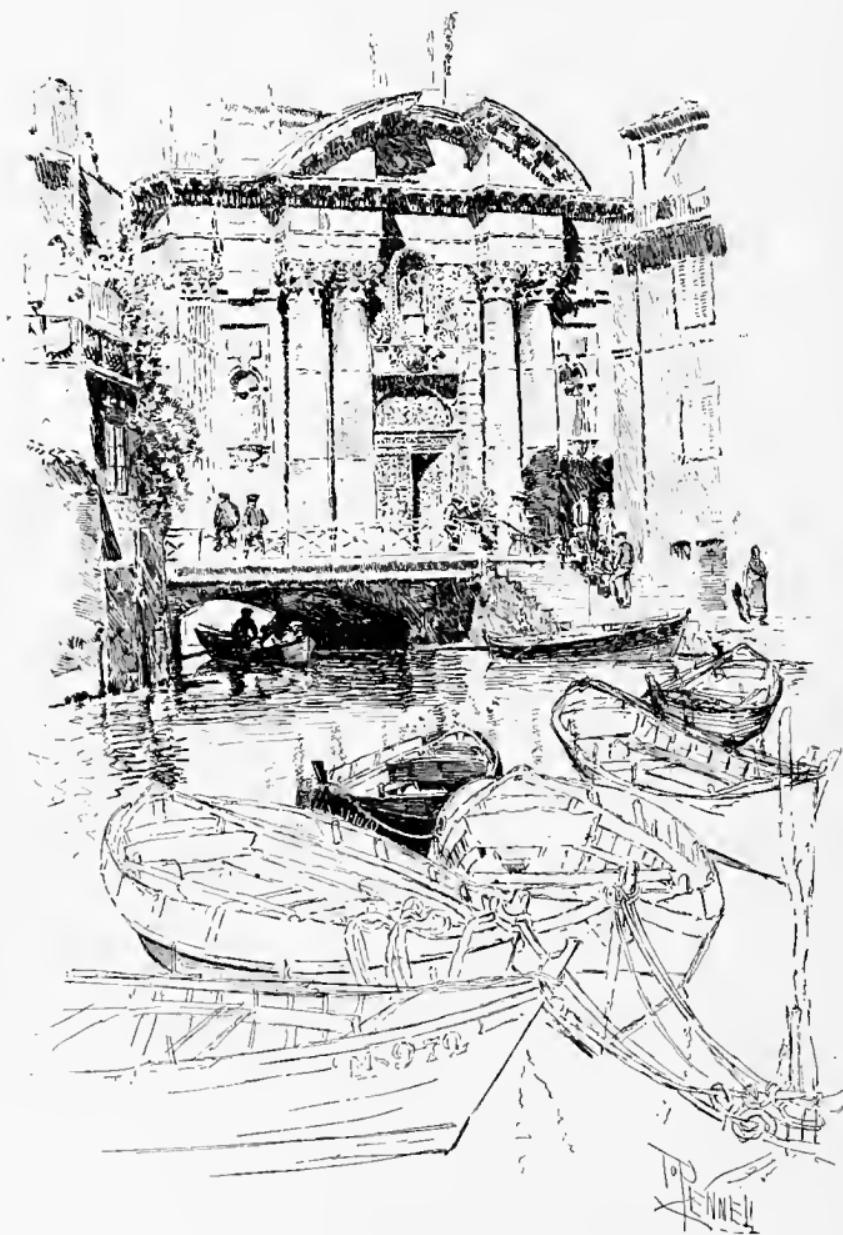


LOOKING DOWN THE GRANDE RUE.

a café; while M. Bernard was quick to ask us if we did not find his town "*vraiment une Venise Provençale?*" Lying, as it does, just between the Étang de Berre and the Étang de Caronte, where their hill-girt shores draw close together and almost meet, the sea-water runs between its white houses and carries the black boats with their graceful lateen sails to its doors. Only a step from its canals you wander through the silvery olive orchards of Provence, or climb the sweet lavender-scented hillsides, or follow a smooth, white road past an old red-roofed farmhouse, or a dark cypress grove, or a stone-pine standing solitary, or else a thick hedge of tall, waving reeds. And even while in the town, you cannot help seeing the country as you never do in Venice. As the fishermen drew up their nets on canal-banks there would come rattling by long Provençal carts, drawn by horses that wear the blue wool collar and high-pointed horn which makes them look like some domestic species of unicorn. Or in the cool of the summer evening, after the rest during the day's heat, a shepherd, crushing a sprig of lavender between his fingers as he walked, would drive his goats and sheep over the

bridges, and start out for the long night's browse on the salt marshes by the lake, or on the sparse turf of the rocky hillsides; or in the morning, just as the white-sailed boats were coming home, he would leave his flock huddled together on the church steps or in the little square.

But you could walk from one end of Martigues to the other without stumbling upon a single architectural or historical monument worth mention in the guide-book. It is not a place for the tourist. Even if its beauty alone could attract him, its unspeakable dirt would quickly frighten him away. And the blue waters of its canals reflect no palaces and churches which a Ruskin would walk a step to see; there is no St. Mark's, no Piazza, no fair Gothic house like that of Desdemona. The only buildings with the slightest pretense to architectural distinction are the church, with the fine but florid Renaissance portal, which the architect would call an example of debased *rococo*, and the great square Hôtel de Ville, massive and simple as an old Florentine palace. The only building with the slightest suggestion of history or legend is a lonely little gray



THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH.

chapel which, from the highest hilltop near, overlooks the white town and its blue lakes. When we asked about it, one man thought a monk lived up there, and another knew he had been dead for years, and all traces of its past had been lost with the keys of its several doors. Martigues may have a history, but we made no further effort to learn it.

All this time we saw a great deal of our brother artists, as M. Bernard pleasantly called them. How could we help it? Martigues was small; they alone shared it with the fishermen. Twice a day we sat face to face with them, though at separate tables, in the little hotel dining-room, which was so cool and quiet during the week, so crowded and noisy on Sundays, when excursionists—the cockneys of Marseilles, cyclists in red shirts and top-boots, peasants in their shirt-sleeves, beautiful Arlésiennes in the fichu and coif of Arles—descended upon Martigues to eat *bouillabaisse* at M. Bernard's. Regularly we passed the same easels on our daily walk through the town, at the hour when women were bravely pretending to sweep away its hopeless dirt, or making their own and their children's toilets on the doorsteps, or going

with stone jars to the well, or marketing under the sycamores in front of the Hôtel de Ville; while the stage from near Port de Bouc came rumbling over the bridges with loud blowing of bugles, followed, if it were Sunday or Thursday morning, by the street car which, with its three horses, gave Martigues for a few minutes quite the air of a big town. As likely as not, we chanced upon a white umbrella and an unopened sketch-book on the drawbridge over the main canal, where I loved to linger to watch the fishermen unloading their nets of the huge fish that looked so absurdly like pasteboard, raking up the bottom of the canal for mussels, and posing statuesquely with their *fichouiro*, as they call it in their impossible Provençal, the long pole, with a row of sharp iron teeth at one end and a string at the other, with which they spear the fish that escape the nets, bringing them up bleeding and writhing. And always at the Cascade, after breakfast, we found the same group under the trees, in striped jerseys and white Stanley caps or helmets on hot days, in overalls and straw hats when a light breeze freshened the air, in blue flannel and derby hat when the *mistral* blew—

they were perfect little men of the weather-house!

Their arrival at the café was the great event in our square in the interval between the Sunday ball and the Thursday opera, which was so comic even when it was meant to be grand. The tall painter led the way, *Madame* at his side; at his heels two dogs, and the small black-aproned boy laden with his tools; then came the short, fat gentleman, the painter, all his traps on his own stout shoulders, walking with his head thrown back, his fat little stomach thrown out as if he carried with him wherever he went the consciousness of *Salon* medals to come and Albert Wolf's dearly bought puffs; then his thin, tall, gray-haired father-in-law, his stool and canvas, for variety, slung over one arm; then another manly back erect under a heavy load; and on many days there were no less than six in this impressive party. But it was the setting out for afternoon work that we waited for with delight; even after we had drained our glasses of the last drop of coffee, even after I had read every word of the four serial shilling shockers published in "Le Petit Provençal" and "Le Petit Marseillais." For

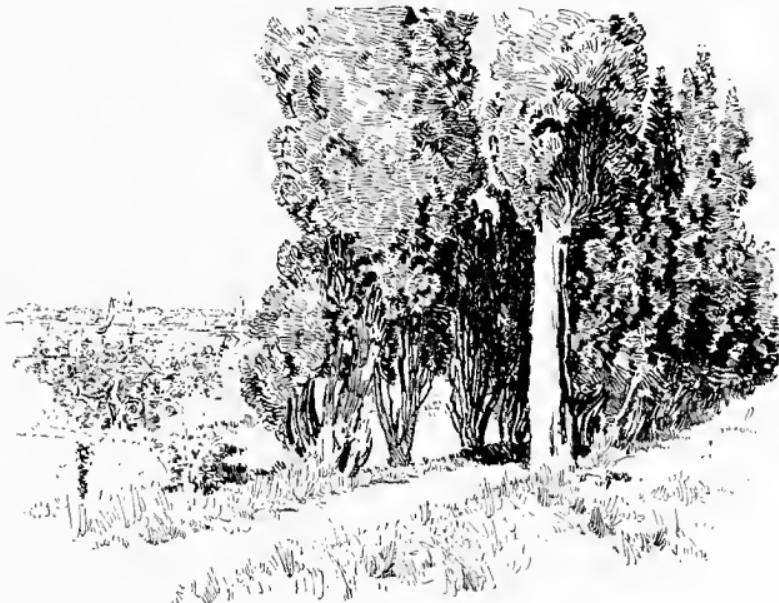
first there would be the wild, loud shouts of "Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!" until the setter and the black apron would rush from some unseen haunt back to the *café* gate; there would be the buckling on of knapsacks, the lifting up of burdens, and then the brave march, three, four, five, or six abreast, down the wide street to the lake in all the glare of two o'clock sunlight. At the foot they passed out of sight in the direction of the



GOING TO THE GÂCHEREL.

Gâcherel. Whoever chose to follow them would find them there, still three, four, five, or six abreast, easels set up under the shadow of the cypresses, six, eight, ten, or twelve eyes turned to where the white walls and red roofs of Martigues rose from the blue water.

But the greatest sight of all was when a new, spotless canvas, on an arrangement that looked like a section of a four-posted bedstead, was borne in triumph by Brosse and two assis-



THE GÂCHEREL.

tants in front of the procession. Who, after seeing that, would ever again say that the painter's life is all play?

During our afternoon rambles we usually had all to ourselves the olive orchards and the lavender-scented hillsides that looked seaward. But at the hour of absinthe, when,

from the western ridge of hills beyond the lake, cypresses and olives rose black against the light, and all the bells of the town were ringing out the angelus, and the swift boats were sailing homeward along a flaming path across the waters, then we would again meet the party from the Gâcherel, their backs resolutely turned to the setting sun, once more on their way to the Cascade; and we would overtake the white umbrellas, now folded, while their owners, sketch-books sticking out of their pockets, hands behind their backs, strolled slowly toward the Mediterranean, gazing westward. But, often as we saw our brother artists, they always passed us by on the other side.

I do not know how long this would have lasted if it had not been for Black, the dog we had fed with sugar. His master went away to near Avignon for a day or two, and poor Black was left tied to the *café* gate, while the goose cackled derisively just beyond his reach, and the small boys played leap-frog just within his sight. His eyes followed us so wistfully when we came in or out, that one morning I unfastened the strap and took him for a happy walk. That very

evening his master returned to Martigues. J—— and I were sitting on the little bench in front of the hotel, alone as usual, when *Monsieur*, on his way to the Cascade, his only dissipation, stopped with *Madame*.

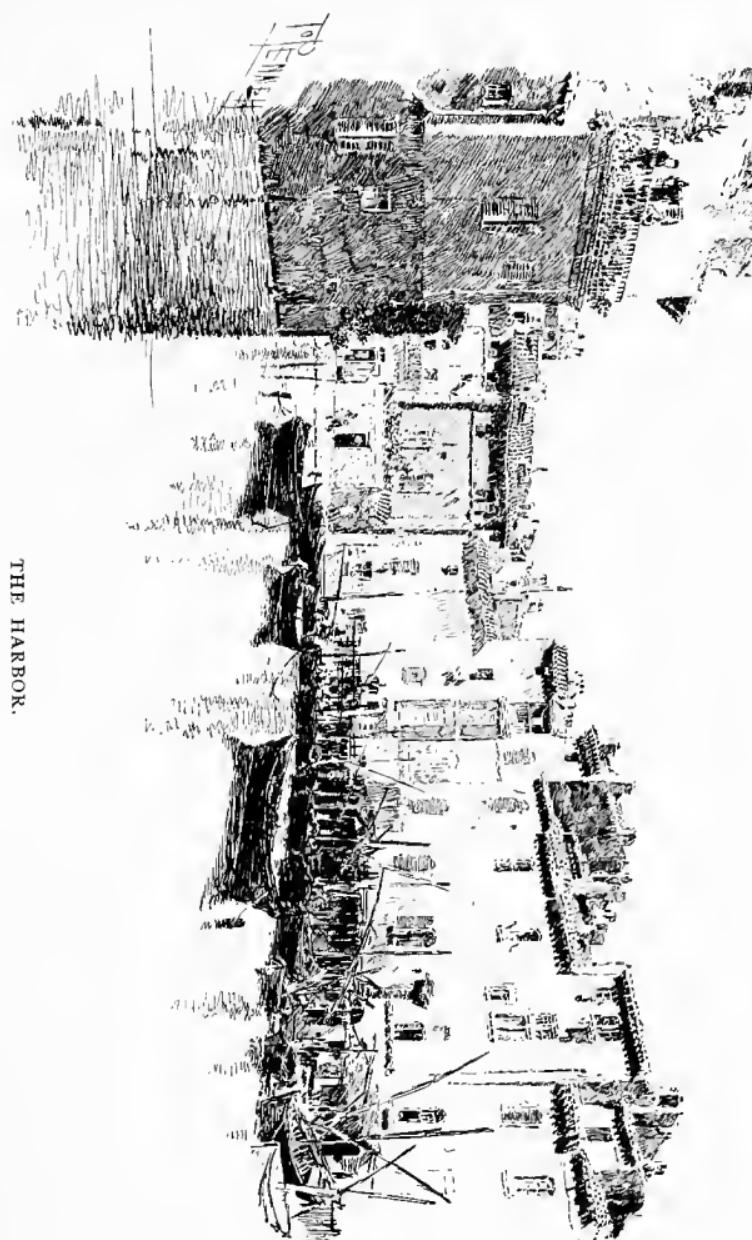
"I thank you, Madam," he said to me in excellent English, but with a charming accent, "for your kindness to my dog. You are very good."

"*Vous êtes bien aimable!*" ("You are very amiable") chimed in *Madame*, and we were friends on the spot.

And now, as Mr. Black would say, a strange thing happened. For one by one all the other gentleman painters began to speak to us. And, stranger still, all spoke in English, just as all wore English clothes, though it was only J—— in a French hat and necktie, always talking French,—even to a stray sailor who told him reproachfully, "Why, I thought you was an Amurrican!"—who was ever mistaken for an Englishman. And strangest of all was that they understood their own English so much better than ours that when it came to a conversation we had to fall back upon French, no matter what they talked.

It had been quite plain to us all along that something more than the length of the walk separated the gentlemen, the painters, of the Café du Commerce, whose sketch-books never left their pockets, from those of the Cascade, whose canvases were never put away. No one could have stayed in Martigues a week without seeing that beneath the Arcadian surface of its artists' life all was not exactly as it should be. Sometimes we had thought it must be a matter of dress—a question between brand-new helmets and conspicuous Jerseys on the one side, very shabby ordinary hats and coats on the other—which kept the two groups as wholly apart as if their cafés represented the rival *Salons*. But now that both were equally cordial to us, we saw into the true state of affairs quickly enough. Had we been more curious, we need have asked no questions. We had only to listen while they talked.

“ Bah ! ” said one of the Commerce one evening, as we walked together past the Cascade and saw the helmets over their absinthe—“ Bah ! ” the tricolorists ! They always paint red roofs, white houses, and blue sky and water. But *que voulez-vous* ? They



THE HARBOR.

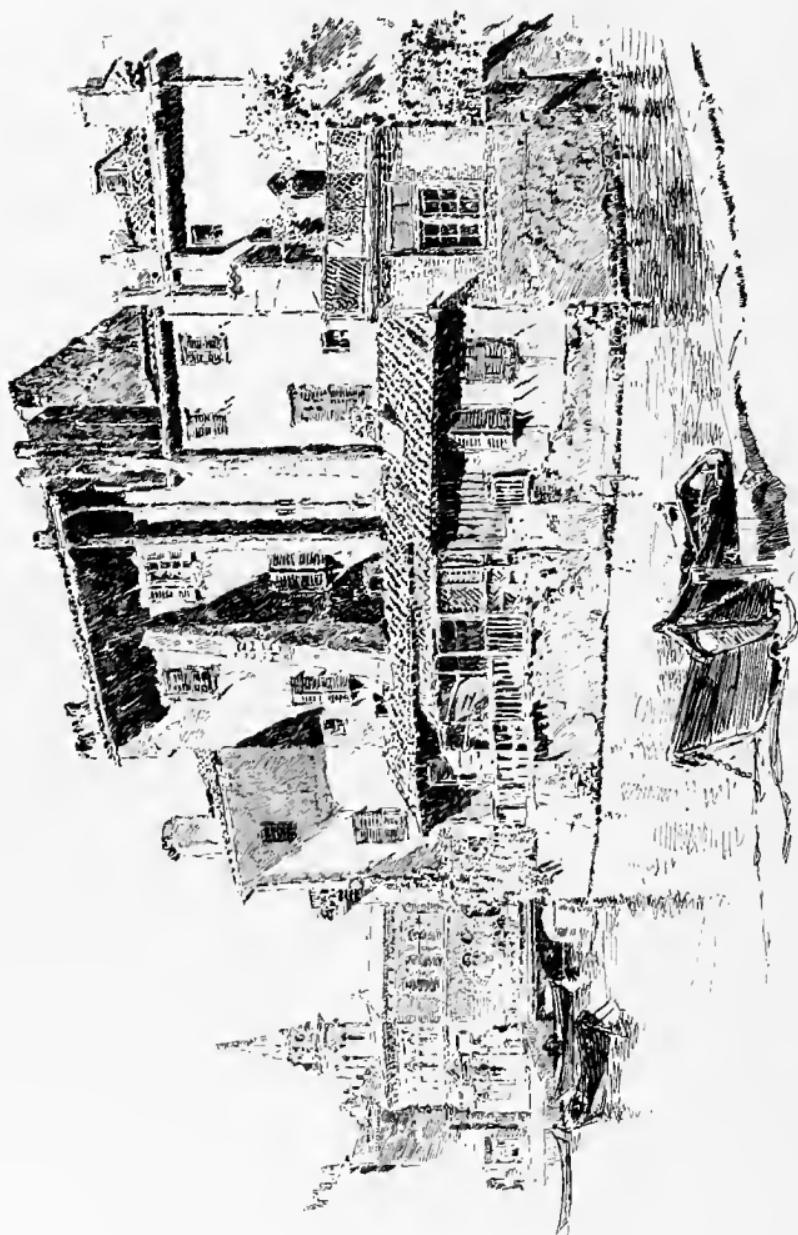
see nothing else. They want to see nothing else. They make the *grande machine*! When sea and sky are most beautiful, they go to the café. They care not for nature. But it is the way with the painters of to-day. They are all blind to nature's most subtle, most delicate effects. They come to a place; they wait never to learn its beauties, to know it really. They take out their canvas, and they make their picture, *en plein air*, and think it must be fine because it is painted so, with nature before them for model. No good work was ever done like that."

"But Claude Monet?" we suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. "But did ever Claude Monet set up his easel in the morning at nine and paint steadily the same effect until twelve, though shadows had shortened and the sun risen high in the heavens? Did he think the light at three the same as at five? No; I don't understand the modern school. When I was in Paris such masters as Rousseau, Corot, Ziem were respected, not triflers like Monet. And what were their methods? They studied nature, they communed with her, they watched

her every change, they saturated themselves with her. And then, with all this knowledge, all these memories, they went into the studio and composed a great picture; they were not content to make a painted photograph."

We had almost reached the Gâcherel by this time. Far out beyond the two lights of Port de Bouc the afterglow was just beginning to fade, the dusky grays were gradually creeping westward, a great rift of pale faint green showed beneath a ridge of flaming clouds. "Look at that!" he cried, standing still and pointing with arm extended to the west, while chattering girls from the washing-place, and children singing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*," and laborers starting homeward after their day's work, and priests out for their evening walk, passed down the road. But no one noticed him; he and the sunset were every-day occurrences at Martigues. "Look at that! Can I bring my canvas and paint here an effect which is gone in five minutes? No; but I come evening after evening at this hour. I regard, I study, I learn. The inspiration seizes me. I must paint. I shut myself in my studio. I wrestle with



OLD HOUSES ON THE HARBOR.

color! That is art; not to cover so many inches of canvas every day, to use brushes for so many hours by the clock, as if I were but a weaver at his loom. *Allons au café!*"

The next day at noon we were drinking coffee with our friends at the Cascade.

"And your big picture?" we asked of one.

"It marches. Two weeks more, working every morning, and I shall have finished it. I begin another this afternoon at the Gâcherel; I must give it all my afternoons. It is my *Salon* picture. Every year I have had my *Salon* pictures on the line; every year I have sold one to the state. I have always had a medal wherever I have exhibited. Albert Wolf has written about me. Reproductions of my paintings you will find in the *Salon* catalogues."

One from the Commerce sauntered by, his big white umbrella up, a fan in one hand, his tiny sketch-book, as usual, in his pocket.

"They never work, these men," the helmet said with a shrug; "and what can they expect? They stay in Martigues, they do not come to Paris, they do nothing. You never see them with paint or canvas. They never work out of doors; they are not

fin de siècle. And then they do not like it when others get the good places and the medals. They think no one to-day does good work, no one after Corot, and Daubigny, and their eternal M. Ziem! They abuse everybody else. They loaf and talk only of themselves. *Mon Dieu*, it is two o'clock! We must be off. Black! Brosse!"

And down the wide street marched the procession of brave workmen, while over at the Commerce the idlers sat for a couple of hours, playing with their dogs and talking about the greatness of art before the coming of the modern artist.

We heard much of this talk. Many an evening poor Désirée, carrying the soup from the kitchen to the dining-room, would have to force his way through the group listening to an impromptu lecture on true artistic methods; many a morning a little crowd assembled under the sycamores of the walk for a lesson in true artistic perspective without the aid of camera. And daily we watched the progress of the big canvases, and learned of the strifes and struggles of the artist in Paris, where the spoils of the art world must be intrigued for as are polit-

ical spoils at home, and where a good coat and a swell studio are the artist's highest recommendations, even as in London or New York.

Art for art's sake was the creed held at the Commerce; art for a medal's sake at the Cascade.

I was glad that we were allowed to hold a neutral position, to be neither tricolorist nor romanticist, but independent, like the young painter who gave lessons to all the pretty girls in Martigues, and the old professor of drawing who sang such gay songs over his wine after dinner. I liked the methods of the communers with nature: to spend morning and evening studying her among the olives and from canal-banks, to do nothing and call it work, what could be pleasanter? And yet success is sweet, and successful artists do not always do the worst work. Was not Velasquez a courtier? and did not Titian live in a palace?

However, if all the ways of Martigues were not peace, at both cafés it was agreed that the town was a real painters' paradise.

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Commerce. "We have the boats, the

canals, the fishermen, and the sunlight; in the morning even Port de Bouc in the distance is as fine as the Venetian islands. And yet it is so much more simple. The effects at a certain hour are the same every day—every day. It composes itself; it is not too architectural. And it is small; you get to know it all. You must not always be studying new *motifs*, new subjects, as in Venice. That is why M. Ziem likes it better than all the other places where he has painted."

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Cascade, "and so much nearer for us. We lose less time in coming. And people who buy paintings and go to exhibitions are not fatigued with looking at pictures of Martigues, as they are with those of Venice. Every painter has not worked here."

And they might have added that it has not been exploited and ruined like the village on the borders of the northern forest, or the fishing-town on the Cornish coast. It is not filled with aggressive studios, it gives no public exhibitions, it has no old men and women falling into position as the artist passes, no inn parlor with picture-covered walls. The only sign of the painter's

summer passage is an occasional unfinished sketch stuck up on a shelf in a fisherman's kitchen, or a smudge of paint on a bedroom wall.

Those were very pleasant days, the last we spent at Martigues. We were no longer alone when we strolled by the canals where the brown nets hung in long lines and the boats lay finely grouped, and where young girls in Rembrandtesque interiors and old men out in the sunshine, chanting about "*pauvre Zozéphine*," made or mended nets and sails. We were no longer alone when we walked toward the sunset, no longer alone when we drank our midday coffee at the Cascade, or J—— smoked his evening pipe in front of the hotel. A space was found for his stool at the Gâcherel in the afternoons; Black followed *Madame* and me over the hills and under the pines. And we had made many other friends in the town: the builder of the mosque, who often consulted us about his dome and minarets—"what was the true Turkish form?"—the shopkeepers, who would lean over their counters and call me "*Ma Bella*" when they asked what I wanted; the women who of-

ferred J—— a chair when he worked at their doors; the fishermen who invited us on their boats and into their kitchens. A little longer and we should have been on intimate terms with all Martigues, even though we could not understand its language.

But the summer painting season came to an end with September. One by one the helmets deserted the Gâcherel and the Cascade; one by one the white umbrellas and fans disappeared from the shores of the lake. Gradually the studio litter was cleared from the hall of our hotel.

"These gentlemen, the painters, go now," M. Bernard said, when he would have induced us to stay, "but others soon arrive for the winter. The house will be gay again."

Only over at the Commerce one or two remained faithful, waiting for the coming of their master, M. Ziem.

But we could not wait to see the great man nor to share the winter gaiety. We had had our summer in Paradise; the time had come to turn our faces northward from the sunshine of Martigues to the fog of London.

E. R. P.



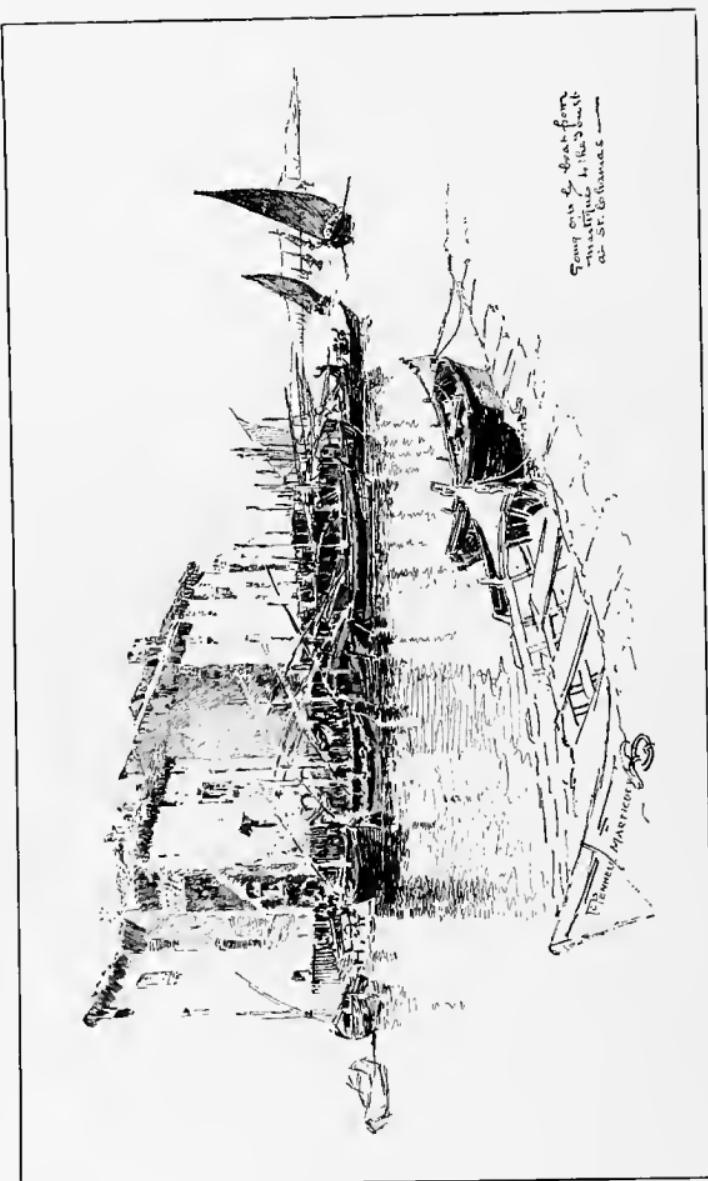
A MARTIGAU MENDING NETS.

THE WATER TOURNAMENT

VI

Mais tout cela n'est rien : la Joute — ouvre aux combattants une arène plus large.

IT was easy to see that it was a feast-day in Saint-Chamas — “Chamas the wealthy” — on the morning we arrived from Martigues. Along the main street, in cool shadow under the awnings of every shape and color that stretched over it from house to house, Japanese lanterns were strung up in long lines and many festoons about every café door; the trash that only holiday-makers buy was displayed lavishly in gaudy little booths under the arches of the high aqueduct that crosses the town; a merry-go-round close by threatened at any moment to fill the place with the stirring sounds of its steam music; while by the water-side — for Saint-Chamas strag-



gles down from its cliff-dwellings to the shores of the Étang de Berre—one drummer was drumming vigorously, and half the town had gathered in the fierce ten o'clock sunlight to watch, first two boys, and then four men race each other in big black fishing-boats heavily ballasted with stones.

And there was a holiday strength in the smell of absinthe that hung over the town toward noon, a holiday excellence in the breakfast we ate at the Croix Blanche,—and, for that matter, in the price we paid for it,—and a holiday leisure in the long time given to coffee afterward. Gentlemen in high hats and decorations, boys testing yellow, red, and green syrups, and workingmen in their Sunday best all sat in pleasant good-fellowship in the deep black shadows under the awnings.

While we lounged with the rest in front of the principal café, the doors of the Hôtel de Ville opposite opened, and two men brought out a pile of large square wooden shields painted white with a red or a blue bull's-eye in the center, and several heavy wooden lances decorated in the same col-

ors and about eight or ten feet long, with three spikes at the end. All these were promptly carted off in the direction of the lake.

There was no need to ask what they were for. We knew at once. They were the arms of the combatants in the coming jousts on the Étang de Berre. For it was really to see the jousts, the great event of the second day of the autumn feast, that we had driven over to Saint-Chamas. We had heard that tournaments were still held on Provençal waters, though exactly what they were we had not then discovered. We had not as yet read "Calendal," where, in the sixth canto, the description of the tilting is as detailed as the story of the bull-baiting in "Mirèio." In "Mirèio" itself there is no reference to the *Joutes*, except when the little *Andreloun*, boasting of the immensity of Rhône River, says that

Betwixt Camargue and Crau might holden be
Right noble jousts!

Several times that summer we had seen them announced on the irresistible program

of some great festival of the *Midi*. But hitherto we had always managed just to miss them. We had come to *Cette* too soon, to *Martigues* too late. And it is not



UNDER THE AWNINGS.

in every town by lake or water-side that they are given nowadays, however it may have been of old. Often the Provençal himself who lives in one of the more important towns, in *Avignon*, *Nîmes*, or *Arles*, has not seen them; for of all the great

Provençal cities, Marseilles, we were told, alone still holds its tournaments, though at rarer intervals as the years go on. But throughout Provence the fame of the jousts is great, and but few of the Provençal sports are in such high favor on the Étang de Berre, that great salt-water lake which is far wider than the stream that flows betwixt Camargue and Crau. The strong, finely built fishermen of Martigues excel in the tilting, and Saint-Chamas is so near that there are always a few to joust on its waters as on their own canals.

Three was the hour announced for the tournament, and about half-past two the people began trooping down to the shore near the little harbor. While the men had been drinking their coffee, the women had been making their toilets, for they had not troubled to change their working-dress for the morning regatta. The jousts, though, were as worthy of all their bravest finery as any bull-fight. In Saint-Chamas they wear, with a coquetry all their own, the lovely Arlesian dress—the little Quaker-like shawl and fichu, the plain skirt, and the black ribbon wound about the little

square of white lace for a cap. And very charming they looked, the older women in black or brown or gray, the young girls in pink or blue or mauve, a ribbon tied in a coquettish bow just under their chins, their hair waved and curled over their pretty foreheads, and on their hands long Suède



LEAVING THE HARBOR.

gloves of the most modern shape, just to show that they knew well enough what the fashions in Paris were, and that it was choice alone that made them keep to one of the most becoming costumes ever invented for women. The jousting-ground, or rather water, was about a mile from the town, and we watched the groups of pretty girls, their dresses carefully lifted above stiff white petticoats, embarking in the big

black boats waiting in the harbor. And other groups wandered down the hot, dusty road, past the cliffs which make a background for the town, and in which houses have been burrowed out, doors and windows cut in the soft rock, even as they may have been by Gauls of old before a Greek had come to Marseilles or a Roman been seen in Saint-Chamas. But never did Gaul or Greek or Roman take part in a gayer scene than this starting for the jousts, the lake glittering in sunlight and dotted with black boats, the banks brilliant with color, and every one in fine holiday humor, all the merrier because of the good breakfast, the absinthe, and the coffee, and each woman's consciousness of looking her best.

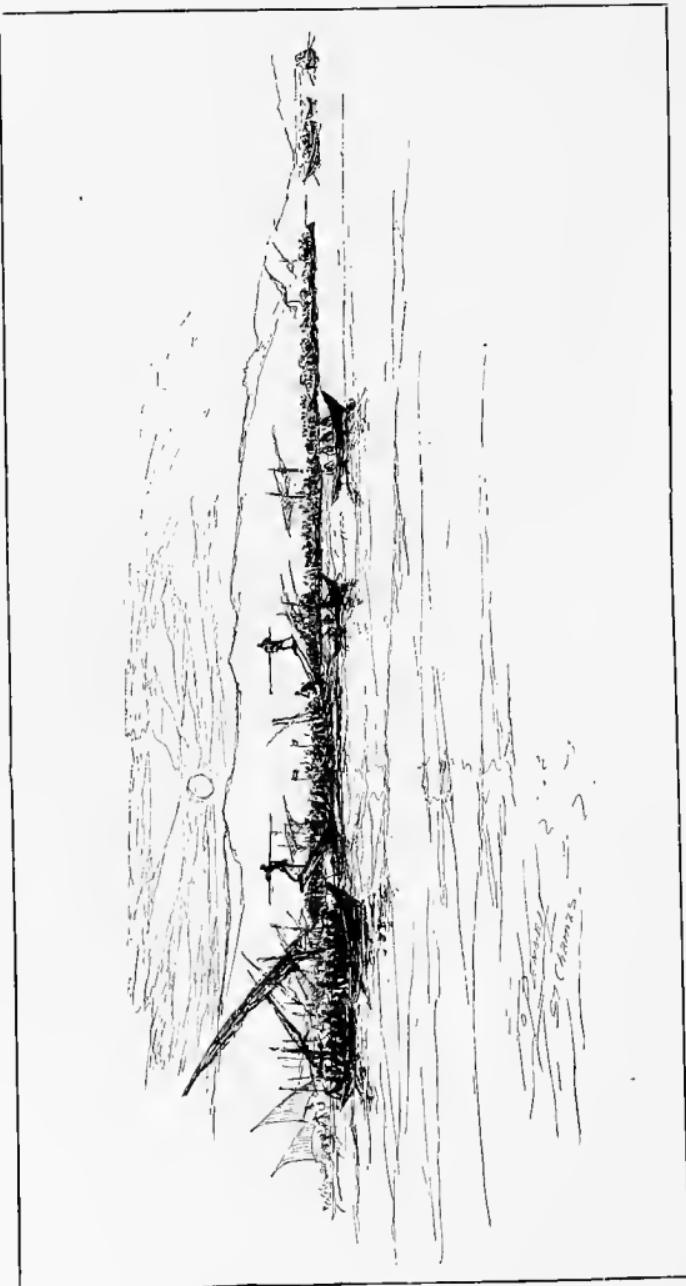
When we had seen the last boat-load of pretty girls rowed briskly away, we hurried down the white road to where the crowd had collected. Far on the other side of the lake was a circle of gray hills; the black fishing-craft had anchored in a long line about half-way across; and between it and the shore were the two boats—the two water steeds—of the knights of the tournament. From each boat two long beams rose

in an inclined plane away out beyond the stern and above the water, and placed on them, at their extreme end, was a narrow board, on which presently stepped a man in shirt and breeches, with a big wooden shield strapped on and covering him in front from the neck to the knees, and a wooden lance in his hand. There were twelve rowers and twelve oars in each boat; in the stern stood the steersman, his hand on the tiller; and in the prow were trumpeter and drummer.

At the first blast of the trumpet, the first roll of the drum, the two boats took up their position about two hundred yards apart. At the second, each competitor waving

"EACH COMPETITOR WAVING HIS LITTLE BANNER."





“THE TWO BOATS DREW NEARER AND NEARER.”

his little banner as if victory were already his, the rowers dipped their oars together, pulled with all their might, the steersman encouraging them, and the drummer beating louder than ever, while the two boats drew nearer and nearer with ever increasing force, and an expectant silence fell upon all the waiting crowd. As the two bows crossed, the oarsmen stopped rowing in order to steady the boats, which, however, by this time had got



“A CRASH OF BOARDS.”

up such speed that they passed each other at a tremendous rate. At the moment of meeting, each of the combatants, who had long since dropped their banners and lifted their lances, aimed at the bull's-eye on the other's shield. There was a crash of boards that could be heard a mile away, and, head over heels, shield and all, one man went into the water, and a great shout rose from



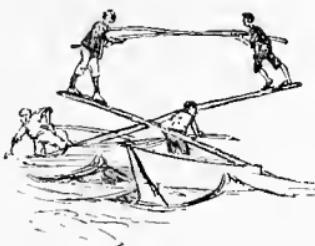
the black line of fishing-craft and from the crowded banks. Then in the blue lake a shield was seen floating in one direction, a man swimming vigorously in the other, and on the winning boat the victor stood high above the oarsmen, his arms extended, strong and athletic as a young Hercules.

And now the smaller boats rowed up and down and in and out, and on land syrups were drunk at the cafés set up for the occasion, and the prettiest girls, arm in arm, strolled under the trees until the next combatant had buckled on his armor, and the trumpet and the drum once more heralded a coming combat. At once all the spectators hastened to their places, and the two boats rowed to the required dis-

"ONE MAN WENT INTO THE WATER."

tance. Again, at the second summons, oarsmen pulled till bows crossed; again lance clashed against shield in the duel of a second; and again a head and a board were seen on the surface of the water as the conqueror stood on high, waving his arms in triumph.

All the afternoon, one after another, the fishermen tested their prowess, while the sun sank toward the opposite hills. There



“LANCE CLASHED AGAINST SHIELD.”



THE VICTOR.

was no want of variety in the tournament, though each meeting lasted only a moment and only one stroke with the lance could

be given in each combat. The constant movement of the boats, the water dancing beneath them, filled the lake with life and action. Sometimes before the two boats met, while rowers were pulling their hardest, one of the champions would suddenly lose his balance and sit down on his lofty



BOTH FELL TOGETHER.

perch or drop into the water, and then it would all begin again; or else both duellists, at the clash of their weapons, tumbled into the water together, amid loud splashing and laughter. Indeed, it seemed as if there were always three or four men swimming about in the lake or stepping, wet and dripping, on the bank. And it was funny to see how indifferent everybody was to the vanquished in the tourney. As a rule, absurd though they always looked when they walked ashore, the water pouring off them,

in delicious contrast to the people in their Sunday best, they passed unnoticed. Only once I heard a pretty girl call out after a stalwart young fisherman, "Has it been raining where you came from?" A bed of the tall Provençal reeds just below served as dressing-room, and from behind it they would emerge again, spruce, and neat, and jaunty, with only their soaked hair and the bundle of wet clothes in one hand to bear witness to their late defeat and ducking.

Often one of the assailants tried to cheat. They have a sad reputation for cheating, the Martigaux, and must be watched closely. They do not always aim fair; if they can, they hit below the board. We saw one case so flagrant that the whole audience protested and there was a consultation of the umpires. The losing man, as he tumbled, turned, and, catching hold of his victorious opponent, pulled him over into the water after him. But nothing could be done until his victim had been reinstated on his high board and re-armed with shield and lance amid ringing cheers.

It is a favorite fallacy that the French are without athletics, that they have no out-

door sport worthy of the name. But nowhere have I seen a finer game than this, or one that requires greater art, and skill, and strength. For it takes no little art for a man to balance himself on that narrow



A QUESTION FOR THE UMPIRE.

ledge, no little skill to hit the enemy's target, no little strength to withstand the blow that crashes upon his shield. I am sure that the old tournament in the ring was not a better test of a man's valor and daring. The horses in heavy armor, carrying heavily armed knights, could never have approached each other with the momentum of boats pulled by twelve men; steel lance

seldom struck steel breastplate with a mightier blow than that of wooden lance upon wooden shield. And the luckless knight scarcely ran more serious risk than the conquered fisherman who tumbles, with his clumsy shield still buckled to him, into the deep waters of the *Étang de Berre*. More than once the jousts, like the tournaments of yore, have ended with the death of the conquered. A slip of the lance, and its pointed prongs may strike into the throat of an opponent instead of into his shield, or may fall with a force that will bring his tilting in this world to a close for evermore. At Martigues they had told us of several such fatal accidents in their canals. But perhaps this very element of danger only doubles the people's pleasure in the jousts; for, with so many other things that have remained as an inheritance from their Roman ancestors, there is a certain cruelty, modified, it is true, in their sports.

I do not believe that medieval tournament ever made a lovelier or more brilliant pageant than these modern contests on the waters of *Saint-Chamas*. I know that on the *Étang de Berre* there is no flashing of

steel or sheen of helmet and hauberk, no waving plumes or rustling silks; to many the scant bathing costume of the combatants might seem but a burlesque substitute for knightly armor. But then, on the other hand, shirt and breeches and wide sash are not, as was the knight's steel raiment, a clumsy disguise for men who are Greek-like in virile beauty of form. Nothing could be finer than the amphitheater of low, gray hills, one far down to the right crowned with the walls and houses of Miramas; nothing brighter or more glowing with color than the shores and the black boats in line in the center of the lake, crowded with fair women in Arlesian dress.

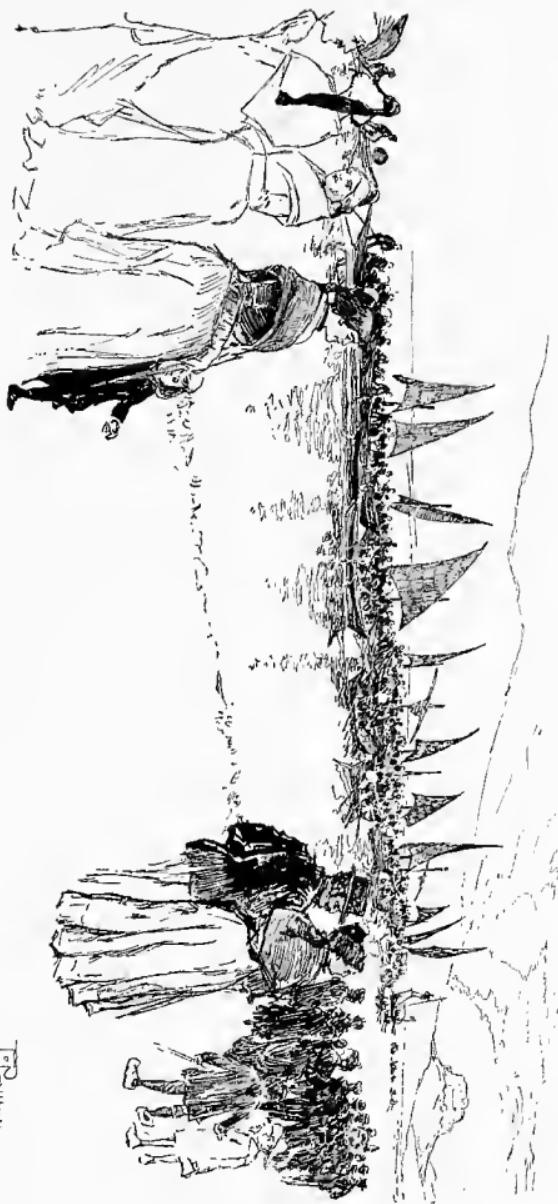
It was at the hour of sunset, when all were going homeward, that the picture they made was loveliest to look upon. Often the jousts last until the afterglow has faded, and they are not yet finished when darkness comes to separate the combatants. The rules of the jousting, as far as we could learn, are simple enough. Each man tilts for himself alone; if he overthrow three combatants he becomes what is called a *frère*, and gives up his place, for the time being,

to the next man in the lists. Once he tumbles, however, his chance is over. When all have met in combat, when all have fallen or stood their three trials, then the *frères*, if there be more than one, have a new inning. The length of time the jousts last depends, therefore, upon the number and skill of competitors. That afternoon at Saint-Chamas, again and again both fell together, so that the lists were exhausted more speedily than usual. And at the end there was not even one *frère*. The sun was setting behind the far hills when the last two men were rowed toward each other at the loud trumpet-call, and the last head was seen bobbing up and down in the lake. And then, in the golden light, every one set out for home: on the banks a long procession of men and women chattering and laughing with all the pleasant noise and exuberant gaiety of the *Midi*; on the water a long procession of boats, their lateen sails raised,—for a light breeze was now blowing,—and leading the way one of the big black barges with the twelve rowers, the drummer drumming in the bow, and high above the stern the hero of the

jousting, erect and triumphant, waving a flag, his statuesque form silhouetted against the evening sky.

When we got back to the town the cafés were already crowded, and lamps were being lighted for the evening ball as we drove away in the starlight.

E. R. P.



RETURNING HOME.

J. FENWELL

THE MARIES' STORY

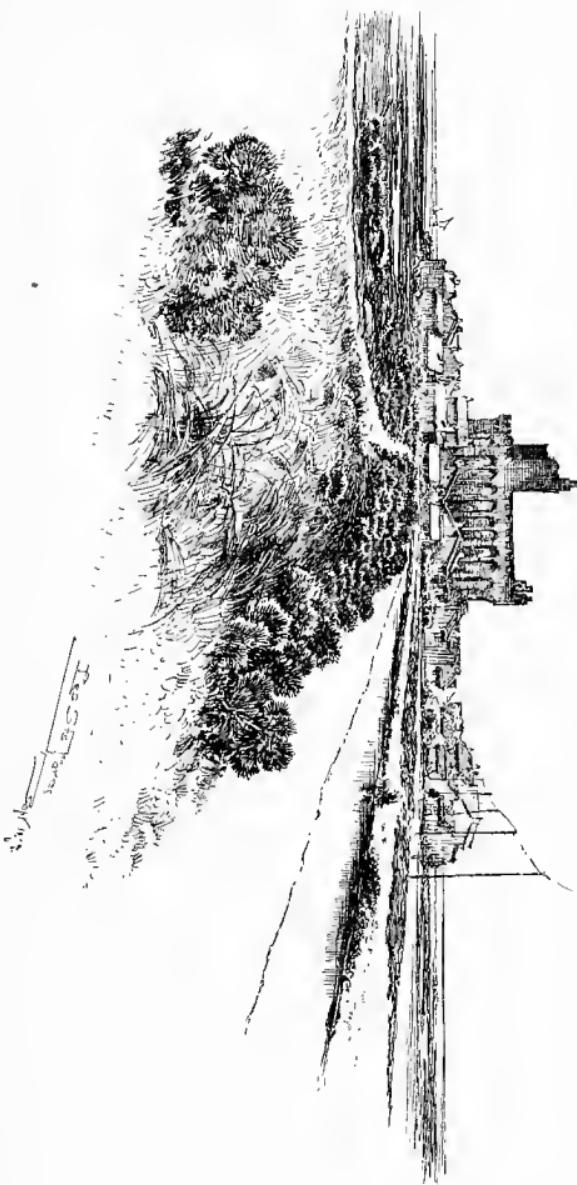
VII

*For we are they men call the saints of Baux,
The Maries of Judæa.*

THE saints Mistral sings in his "Mirèio" are Mary Jacobe, Mary Salome, and Mary Magdalen whose feast in May, in the little village which bears their name, is the greatest festival of Provence, and whose legend has been told again and again by Provençal poet and chronicler. They were three of the large company of holy men and women from Palestine, who were thrown by the Jews into a boat without sails or oars or food, and then set adrift upon the sea. But, so tell they the tale, an angel of the Lord was sent to them as pilot, and the Maries and Sarah, their servant, holding their long robes like sails to the wind, came swiftly and safely to the shores of the

land which it was their mission to convert to Christ. Once they disembarked upon the remote edge of the wide and desolate Camargue, they built an altar, and Maximin, one of their number, offered up the sacrifice of the mass, and where the water had been as salt as the sea, it now suddenly rose at their feet sweet and pure from a miraculous spring, a sign of the divine approval.

Then they separated, each to go his or her own holy way, all save Mary Jacobe and Mary Salome, who, with Sarah, stayed and, building a cell near the altar, lived there the rest of their days. And sometimes fishermen passed by that lonely coast, and to them the saintly women preached the true faith and won many converts to Christ. Sometimes from near Arles Trophimus came and administered the sacraments to his faithful sisters in the church. And the fame of the holiness of the three women went abroad, and when, after they had died, they were buried where they had lived, people journeyed from far and near to visit and pray at the tomb, and there many miracles were worked, so that their renown grew ever greater and greater. Before many years



SAINTES-MARIES.

it had become a well-known place of pilgrimage (indeed, one of the most ancient in France), and a mighty church was built over their lowly altar, and many and strange were the wonders that were wrought. A little town grew up about the church, and nuns and monks raised their convents and monasteries close by, and as Rocamadour was honored in the far west of Languedoc, so was the shrine of the *Saintes Maries* beloved in Provence.

Then evil days followed. Saracens and Danes laid waste the land, and if even Arles and Marseilles fell before their attacks, how could the remote village in the desert withstand them? And there were pirates, too, who infested Camarguan shores. And between them all, by the tenth century nothing was left of *Saintes-Maries* but the little altar guarded by a hermit. But it fell out that one day William I., Count of Provence, hunting in the Camargue, chanced upon the old forgotten shrine, and the hermit told him of its glory in the past; and the Count's heart was touched, and he promised to restore it to its greatness. And the church which he built was strong and fortified with battlements and

a tower—you can still see it on the sands to-day—and pirates were defied and peace once more reigned in the sacred spot. Then again pilgrims thronged to it from every part of France. Houses and monasteries re-arose beneath the shadow of the church. Miracles were worked. And its prosperity returned, as William had promised. Four centuries later good King René found beneath the church the bones of the blessed women—by the sweet smell they gave forth they were known to be the remains of the Maries—and inclosed them in a richly adorned casket which was placed in the little airy chapel above the choir. It was then decreed that once every year, on the 25th of May, they should be lowered into the church, and showed to the faithful. The relics of St. Sarah were set in the crypt, where they received special honor from the Gipsies, to whose race she had belonged. As the centuries passed, the fame of the shrine increased, and there was no better loved place of pilgrimage throughout the land.

And then again began the evil days. From the Reign of Terror the village by the sea could not escape. The church was

sacked, its shrine desecrated during the Revolution, and had not the *curé* concealed the sacred relics, they too must have perished when their casket was burned. After the Revolution, when quiet was restored, a new casket was made, the bones were again carried to their chapel, and the annual pilgrimage began with all the old fervor.

Saintes-Maries is so out-of-the-way, so difficult to reach, that in this railroad age it may be said to have lost its old popularity,—that is, outside of the *Midi*. A thirty miles' drive across the broad plain of the Camargue and the absolute certainty of having to sleep out of doors seem no light matters to the pilgrim who can step from a railway-carriage into a big hotel at Lourdes. As a consequence Saintes-Maries, which has no other interest save that which the shrine gives it, receives but scanty mention in the guide-book, and to the average tourist is practically unknown. But throughout the south of France the devotion to the Maries has never weakened. The people still flock to the May feast by hundreds and thousands. And because of the sincerity of the pilgrims and the absence of curious lookers-on, the festival has retained a

character of which few religious ceremonies nowadays can boast. However, a railway is being built across the Camargue, and in a few years Saintes-Maries will have lost its character and have become as fashionable as Lourdes.

E. R. P.

THE MARIES' FEAST

VIII

*. . . If a lizard, wolf, or horrid snake
Ever should wound thee with its fang, betake
Thyself forthwith to the most holy saints,
Who cure all ills and hearken all complaints.*

TEN years ago I made up my mind to go to Ober-Ammergau. But when 1890 came nobody asked me. Instead, in the middle of May, I was in Arles, and on the 23d on my way to Saintes-Maries, for the feast Mistral sings in "Mirèio."

The road to the town crosses for thirty miles the Camargue, no longer a fearful desert, but one of the richest parts of France, a land which in the autumn reeks of wine. On this May morning there passed down the broad white highway an endless succession of long carts, each filled with sad and silent peasants or bright and

jolly Arlésiens, who were singing hymns as they went. Many of the people looked tired and sick and worn; in some wagons I saw blind men and cripples and helpless paralytics.

As I jogged slowly on, I overtook wandering monks, gipsies, the Archbishop of Aix, and more and more cartloads of pilgrims. Finally, as the cultivation ceased and the wide salt marshes commenced, the town with the battlemented walls of its church came into sight, faintly outlined low down against the sea, and I looked to it as *Mirèio* did on her weary journey:

. . . She sees it loom at last in distance dim,
She sees it grow on the horizon's rim,
The saints' white tower across the billowy plain,
Like vessel homeward bound upon the main.

Tourists who go to Saintes-Maries always describe it as a wretched, miserable collection of little hovels. It is, on the contrary, quite a flourishing fishing village, with two very decent hotels, a *Mairie*, and all the other belongings of a small French country town. The hotels usually

charge about four francs a day. But on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of May the landlords get a hundred francs for a room alone from any one who has not brought his own tent or carriage, or has not a friend, and who objects to sleeping in the open.

When I wandered into the church, I found that it had been completely transformed since I had last seen it. Galleries were erected around the interior, the side altars were boarded up, and the best places on the choir steps were covered with the cushions and pillows of the faithful, who in this manner reserve their seats for the three days' feast. A lay brother was busy drawing water from the holy well, salt all the year, but fresh during the *fête*, while a number of pilgrims were either drinking it or bottling it up and carrying it away. Every now and then a marvelously picturesque gipsy would mount from the lowest chapel, for at Saintes-Maries

altars and chapels three
Built one upon the other, you may see,



GIPSIES IN CHURCH.

and he would scratch some powder from the rock on which the Maries landed, and descend again to where

beneath the ground,
The dusky gipsies kneel, with awe profound
Before Saint Sarah.

From their subterranean shrine came the strangest singing:

*Dans un bateau sans cordage,
Au naufrage
On vous exposa soudain ;
Mais de Dieu la providence,
En Provence,
Vous fit trouver un chemin.*

Then, “*Vivent les Saintes Maries!*” they shouted, and their shouts echoed through the long, low barrel-vaulted church, almost a tunnel, and were repeated by the crowds kneeling about the choir. As strange as their singing were the black-shrouded figures of the *Romany chals*, gathered together from no one knew where, and now, on their knees, grouped around the tomb of their saint. Many and evil, one felt,

must have been the deeds which required all this devotion to be washed away.

Throughout the afternoon people kept pouring into the town. Every foot of space around the church was filled with



OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

booths, from the stand for the sale of votive offerings managed by a priest to an equally flourishing gambling establishment presided over by a charming young lady.

The gipsy women who were not engaged in praying sat by the door holding shells for alms, just as many a wandering brother



THE CHURCH DOOR.

in the same place may have begged his way hundreds of years before. At the main door a small blind girl was stationed, and for the next three days the air rang with her ceaseless cry: "*Messieurs-et-Mes-*

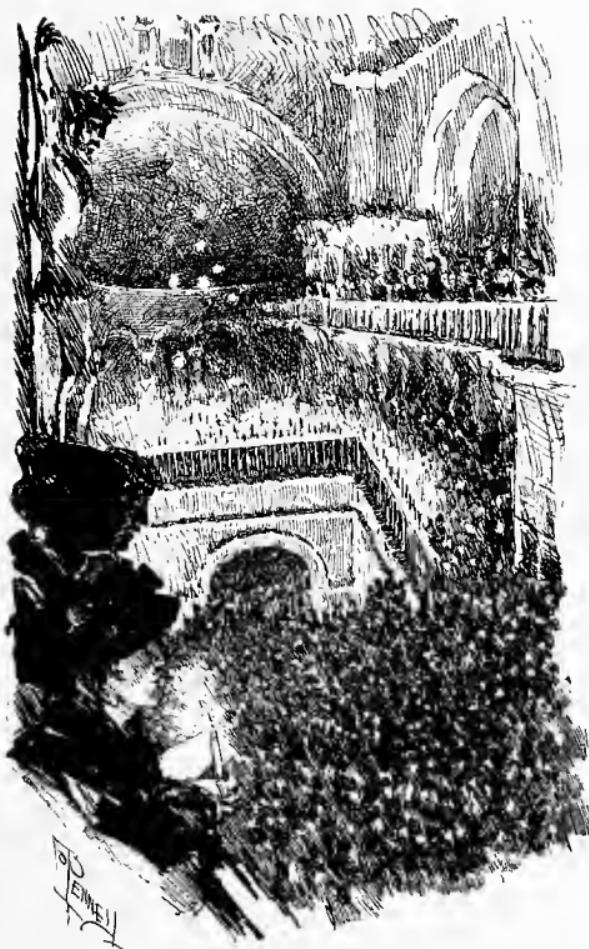
*dames-n'oubliez-pas-la-pauvre-petite-aveugle-
et-les-Saintes-Maries-ne-vous-oublieront-pas."*

To the saints themselves she never turned for the miracle for which so many were hoping, and once in a while it seemed to occur to the sacristan that hers was not the best example to encourage the belief of the faithful, and he would come and take her away. But he could never stop the endless flow of her petition, and before it was quite lost in the distance she would make her escape and find her way back again. She might have been the devil's own advocate.

The *curé* of the town was bustling about, looking after the Archbishop, greeting all the arriving clergy, and selling tickets for the good places in the church during the next two days. But though nearly worked to death, he was still smiling and amiable.

The town by evening was completely encompassed by a great camp of gipsies and peasants and farmers. The sun sank into the marshes, great camp-fires were lit, and then the mosquito was abroad in the land.

I looked into the church again after dark. It was crowded. On the raised choir, where



THE CHURCH AT NIGHT.

the high altar usually stands and where the relics were to descend on the morrow, lay the sick, votive candles casting a dim light



“VIVENT LES SAINTES MARIES!”

upon their sad, thin faces, which stared out, white and ghastly, from the surrounding shadows.

And, ah, what cries they lift! what vows they pay!

Those who could were chanting hymns in quavering voices, their friends taking up the chorus. Many lay still and silent. One boy seemed too feeble to do more than move a trembling, emaciated hand in time to the singing, and yet, every now and then, he would open wide his heavy eyes, and into his death-like face would come a look of longing, and, in a shrill voice that rose high above all the others, he would shriek, "*Vivent les Saintes Maries!*" It was as if the grave had opened and the dead spoke. All night these weary watchers would lie there, waiting and hoping, and all the next day until the descent of the holy relics whose touch must surely heal them.

While the faith in the saints was so strong around the shrine, the faith in Boulanger seemed equally great out in the open night; at least his march was sung as loud and as long as the hymns to the Maries—louder and longer in fact, for it kept me awake for hours. And so is all life divided between pain and pleasure.

On the morning of the 24th, the great day, there were masses and sermons and

practising of the choir within the church; there were bargaining and gambling and preaching without. In the blinding sunlight a steady stream of people kept winding down the single highroad into the town, while far off, at the mouth of the Little Rhône, steamers from Marseilles and Arles and Saint-Gilles unloaded their pilgrims, who, like *Mirèio*, came wandering across the salt-marshes.

By three o'clock the church was nearly full; by four it was jammed. Around each



PREACHING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

door outside was a great crowd; inside there was not an empty seat. The long ray of light which streamed in through the broken rose-window at the western end was momentarily shut out by the people who had climbed even away up there. Every one in nave and gallery held a lighted candle, which twinkled and flickered and waved with the great volume of the singing. "We are in Heaven and the stars are under our feet," Gounod said when, one 24th of May, he looked down upon the same scene. In the raised choir the sick still waited, their friends and a few priests still prayed and chanted. "The church was like a wind-swept wood" with the mighty voice of their supplication.

Suddenly there was a cry of "They come!" The people around the altar fell on their knees; for from the airy chapel, high above the choir, a great double ark now hung suspended and then began to move downward, but almost imperceptibly. As slowly it came nearer, the sick and infirm were raised toward it in the arms of the strong. Women fairly wrestled together, each seeking to be first to lay her hand upon the

holy relics. When it was a few feet from its resting-place, a solemn procession of white-robed clergy passed from the sacristy to the choir, and one priest, springing upon the altar, seized and kissed the relics. At the same moment he was surrounded by the sick, who, as if the longed-for miracle had been already worked, pushed and struggled to touch and be healed. The priest held the relics, and the people, pressing closer and closer, fell upon them, touching them with their hands, their eyes, and even their crippled limbs, kissing them passionately, clasping them with frenzy. It seemed as if the priest's vestments must be torn to shreds, the relics broken and scattered in a thousand fragments, from the very fervor of the faithful. But finally the last kiss was given, the last petition uttered, the ark was set at rest upon the altar, the sick were placed all around it, and the chants rose louder and sweeter than ever. *Vivent les Saintes Maries!*

Was any one cured? No; not yet could the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame arise and go their way. But there was not a single sick man or woman whose hope was

not strong for another year. There is no faith like this in Protestantism.

Again all night the sick lay there, and the church was filled with ceaseless singing. Hymn followed hymn, the pious gipsies in the lower chapel singing one verse, the people in the church above responding with the next. And again all night an army of pilgrims was camped around the town.

On the 25th, while the morning was still young, a long procession started from the church, headed by the different banners given by the towns of Provence. In solemn state the Archbishop of Aix, attended by clergy and acolytes, marched through the narrow streets, half in shadow, out into the open sunlight to the sea-shore. And next the sick and crippled came, some borne on mattresses, some hobbling on crutches, and others dragged along by their friends. Last of all a struggling crowd of gipsies carried aloft the rude figures of the two Maries in their little boat, and on every side devout pilgrims strove to kiss, or at least just touch, the holy bark. Across the sands to the sea they went, to the water's edge, and then right into



THE PROCESSION.

the water, gipsies, people, and even priests. For a moment the boat was set afloat upon the waves, there where at the dawn of Christianity the wind had driven the



IN THE WATER.

saints from Jerusalem. And the gipsies again raised it aloft and waded to land; the procession, with banners waving, candles flickering dimly in the sunshine, hymns loudly chanted, turned again across the sands, through the shadowy streets, and brought back their beloved Maries. The sick were placed once more about the altar, and shouts of *Vivent les Saintes Maries!* echoed through the church until, toward evening, the ark rose slowly to

its airy chapel, while the faithful watched it with loving eyes.

But it had hardly reached its shrine when the church was empty. In ten minutes every one had mounted cart, or diligence, or omnibus, and was leaving for home. In a couple of hours not a trace was to be seen of gipsy or Gentile. The pilgrims had fled as if from the plague, or as if they had entered for a race to Arles.

So ended the feast of the Maries.

For the people of the town there was a Grand Ball, a Grand Arrival of the Bulls, and a Grand Bull-Fight. But they were much less grand than in Arles.

This, one of the last unexploited religious festivals of the world, will have lost its character and simplicity before our book is printed. For my friend, the engineer, is at work on a railway.

J. P.



THE RETURN FROM THE SEA.



LE MOULIN DE DAUDET

IX

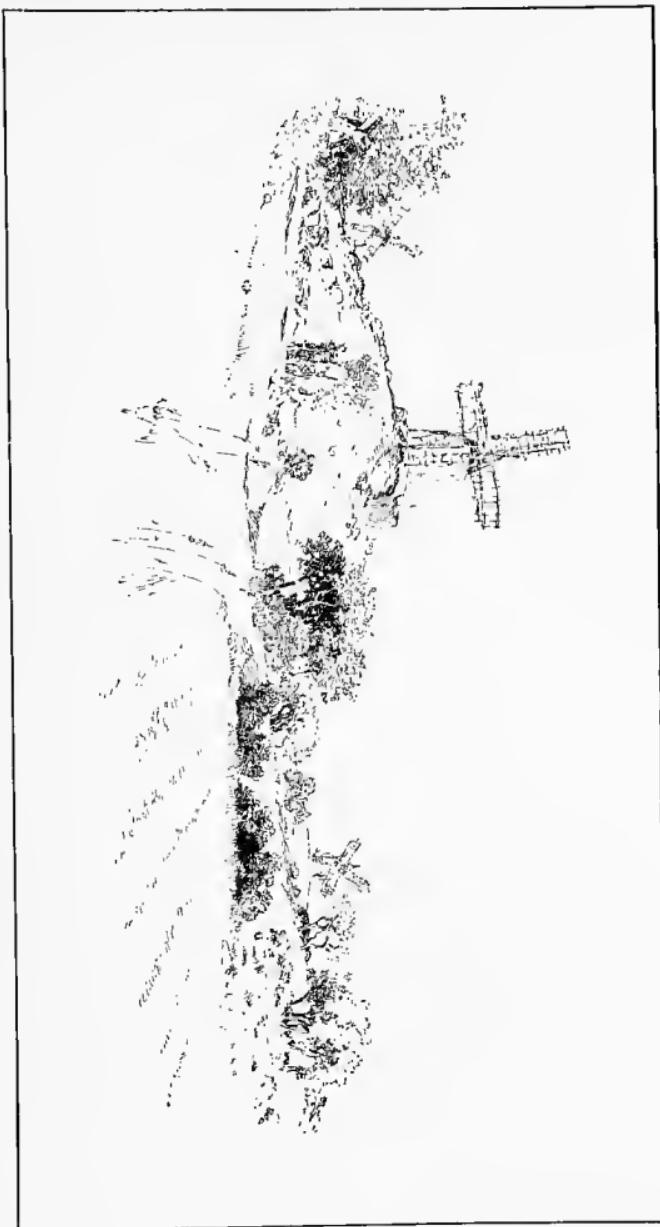
“TO see what? Daudet’s mill? For example, but you are *drôle* when there are thousands of Daudets and millions of mills around here. Oh! that Daudet? I never knew he did well enough to have a mill. Why, he ran away from Nîmes when he was eighteen, when he might have stayed and married his cousin Marie, whose father Jean now runs the hotel at Saint-Gilles. *Quel coquin!* Of course it is not as good a hotel as mine, but still it is quite good enough! And what sort of a mill has he got? An oil-mill or a wind-mill? My faith, how can I know? I never heard of it. You don’t know? He put it in a book? How can you put a mill in a book? What? That nasty little Alphonse

Daudet wrote 'Tartarin de Tarascon'? O my God! I—we—we—we don't read that book out here. You had better go and ask his father-in-law at Fontvielle. He knows all about him. We don't look at such trash—insult—ah—" and Madame Michel of the Hôtel du Forum swept away in the gorgeous black silk which she always wears.

Then I went over to the café, and I said to the lieutenant: "Look here, I want to go and hunt up Daudet's windmill. It's somewhere out by Fontvielle."

And then the lieutenant said: "Because he says it is somewhere out by Fontvielle, is it that you suppose that it is by Fontvielle? Thousand names of a million names of a name! Me, I am, as you very well know, of Tarascon; and because he said there was a *Tartarin*, does it therefore imply that all our noble city is filled with *des Tartarin*, *des Bompard*, *des Bézuquet*? We are serious, we are. Regard yourself. Do you see that old man in the cart? He is the father of *L'Arlésienne*. That beast of a Daudet, why he came down here and that

DAUDET'S MILL.



old man told him his history, and he put that history, just as he heard it, in a book, and he called that a story! Why, you can go now, and if you could understand Provençal, you would hear the same thing from the old man."

So I walked out by the hill of Corde and under the Abbey of Montmajour, and, sure enough, there to the right, away in the distance, was the *montagnette*, white and powdery as a stone quarry, topped, not by one, but by three windmills.

I found my way through the curious little streets of the town, every turn of which shows a picture of a lovely white wall, the green mosquito-netting over the door, the bird-cage close by it, the stately Roman matron sitting in the shade, to the open vine-draped inn-yard, at the front of which the townspeople drink beer on weekdays, and from the back go to see bull-fights on Sunday; and I asked the waiter if he knew which was the windmill of Daudet.

No; he was new. But he thought that the gentleman over there, who had lived here all his life, would be most happy to

do himself the honor of having a glass of beer with me, and he would tell me all about it.

Knew Daudet? Of course he did. He was like a father to him. "Why, in Paris me and Daudet-s-bes-pals. But down here Daudet-s-dishgrashed himshelf—writes books, and we donsh speak-s-any more."

I asked a passing *sergent de ville*—or I suppose I should say *de village*—if he knew where the property of Daudet's father-in-law was.

"But," he said, "do you suppose I know the father-in-law of a man I never heard of in my life? What fools these English are!"

I, however, only took courage, and making my way through the most picturesque of Provençal towns, in the direction in which I knew the windmills must be, I came out on a wilderness of market-gardens, then to a low stony series of gorse-covered mounds, which led up to the three forsaken and sailless mills—three red-topped, white pepper-pots dominating the landscape. I climbed up to them, a walk of two minutes. It must be here.

A pretty pine-wood, glittering in sunlight, spread before me to the foot of the hillside. The horizon was cut by the bold crests of the Alpilles. Behind, like islands in the vast sea of La Crau, were Montmajour and Arles, and, beyond, the Rhône losing itself in the Camargue which, in its turn, was lost in the horizon, all this lovely Provençal country living in the light. But from the château, not away off as I had imagined it would be, leaving the old mill not alone, isolated and solitary on its height,—a perfect place for work,—but within convenient sound of the dinner-bell, came voices and laughter. Here must live the old Provençal family, no less original and characteristic than their house hidden among the pines. Doubtless the mother, a *vraie bourgeoise de campagne*, the Mayor, the Consul, the Notary, the Advocate, her four sons, would welcome me, and make me, too, take my place in the circle around the old mother. Doubtless I should hear them call her *chère Maman*, tenderly and respectfully.

I did not jump the low stone wall and make my way through the dense under-

growth, but went around by the front gate, though it was quite a little walk.

Instead of the beautiful old château, a brand-new sample of the Provençal jerry-builder's art reared itself proudly among the pines, which, on that side, had been ruthlessly cut away. No one was about. The windows were tight-shut. I made my way to the back, only to interrupt the naïve amusements of a *portier* in undress, several lady's-maids, and some grooms, all of whom, evidently, had just arrived from Paris.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I in my politest French, "could you tell me by chance which is the mill of Daudet?"

"Sir," said one of them, dropping a copy of "Le Petit Journal," "you of course refer to the son-in-law of our esteemed master — to the illustrious Alphonse Daudet?"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "it is so." And we bowed. "And further, could you tell me in which one of the three windmills I see before me on the neighboring hill the illustrious son-in-law of your excellent master was pleased to take up his habitation?"

"Is it possible that this foreigner has come here for the purpose of insulting us, by saying that our master Daudet lives in a windmill? Blue death! Is it not that Daudet may inhabit the whole of this splendid palace? And why should he live in a dirty windmill? Has he not six rooms here? Am I not his *valet*? Shall I turn the dogs on him, or shall I thrash him myself?"

I saw that these people were not in a fit condition to be reasoned with, and I discontinued my search for *le moulin de Daudet*.

J. P.



